THE LIVING AGE

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CONTENTS

A Week of the World 619
British Trade and German Recovery — Poland — Here's Your Hat, Don't Hurry — Caucus Diplomacy — A Warrior's Rusculum — An English Student on French Sentiment — Minor Notes

Germany Thinks It Over. *A Post-Bellum Post-Mortem* . . 625

Primo de Rivera. *As Seen by an Enemy* MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO 629

How I Sculptured the King of Spain . . FRANÇOIS COGNÉ 631

Chinese Poetry High and Low

I. Chinese Illustrated in Verse . . . . KU HUNG-MING 635

II. Chinese Coolie Songs . . . . NEVILLE WHYMANT 638

The Chastushka. *Russian Ballad Satire* . EVGENII NEDZELSKII 641

From Aleppo to Bagdad . . . . . LEOPOLD WEISS 644
Following Abraham's Footsteps in a Ford

Grievously Vexed. *A Story of Demon Possession* CHRIS SEWELL 649

A Netherlands Impression . . CARL FRIEDRICH WIEGAND 655

Cambridgeshire. *A Poem* . . . . FRANCES CORNFORD 658

India's Song of Freedom . . . . . ST. NIHAL SINGH 659

A Page of Verse

A March Night . . . . . EDEN PHILLPOTTS 662

Life, Letters, and the Arts 663
Interviewing Unamuno — Columbus on the Stage — Rosso di San Secondo — The Year of Jubilee in Rome — A Monument to the Creator of Czech Music — Red Tape

Books Abroad 667
The Evolution of Man — The Artist's London — A George Eliot Dictionary — A Dictionary of the Characters and Proper Names in the Works of Shakespeare — Essays and Adventures of a Labour M. P. — New Translations

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This Week

One sure way of rousing any European to a broader form of self-interest than mere nationalism is to whisper in his ear the name of our own great Republic. Ten years of war and reparations have convinced the Germans that they must put their shoulders to the wheel if they want Mr. J. P. Morgan to speak to them on the street.

* * *

The coy columns of Life, Letters, and the Arts contain an interview with the mysterious Unamuno that throws some light on his uncensored observations of that notorious rounder Primo de Rivera — better known to his friends as Little Mike. If Unamuno is to be believed, the arrogant Spanish Dictator's success is chiefly due to his infinite capacity for taking credit where credit is not due. It is safe to say that even our own demagogues will be as much shocked by the General's political as by his private morals.

* * *

Alfonso, affable king of Spaniards and of men, showed M. Cogné such a good time in Madrid that the literary French sculptor could not bear to give him anything but a good write-up. Let these Unamunos rail as they will, the King is a prince and that is all there is to it. Step up and shake hands.

* * *

All of our readers who are contemplating the study of Chinese will do well to read Mr. Ku Hung-Ming's article. It appears that there are two separate languages in China — the spoken and the written — and only a handful of the inhabitants can read. As a result there are no half-educated people who use words without knowing what they mean. The Chinaman is either a gentleman and a scholar or a coolie and an ignoramus. It sounds like a good system.

* * *

But it is not such a bad life being a coolie, at that. Neville Whymant quotes a number of their songs which we should like to hear Station KGX broadcast one of these nights.

* * *

For the benefit of the William Z. Foster for President Club, we have included Russia in our celebration of Folk Song Week. It is hoped that our more radical readers will take this opportunity to start their little ones toddling down the road toward revolution singing 'Thou My Little Bolshevik,' in the authentic *Living Age* version.

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Investors' Library

THE search for information on the part of individual investors is one of the encouraging signs of the times.

The *Living Age*, in connection with its Financial Advertising Department, wishes to encourage this by the publication of the following list of booklets, which, it is believed, should prove useful to those readers who are concerned over the problems of the investment of their surplus funds.

It is recommended that readers write directly to the investment Houses, making request for such booklets as seem most likely to be useful, or for such information as the booklets may suggest. Our banker friends will be glad to be of service to *Living Age* readers.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 322 — *SEPTEMBER 27, 1924* — NO. 4186

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

BRITISH TRADE AND GERMAN RECOVERY

THE fact that the ratification of the Dawes Report happens to coincide with a seasonal setback in trade in Great Britain and a substantial increase in the number of unemployed, has caused gloomy forebodings as to the possible effect of German competition under the new arrangement. The *Economist* refuses to see the situation in a pessimistic light. As regards iron and steel, even the closest collaboration between France and Germany will do no more than restore the conditions that existed before the war, when Germany alone controlled the chief ore- and coke-producing region of the Rhine valley.

At present, wage-costs, both in Germany and in Lorraine, are low compared with this country, and in that respect the iron and steel industry may have to face a period of acute price competition. But this price-cutting is more likely to come from Lorraine than from Germany. In neither country, however, are the industrial leaders spoiling for a fight. For two or three years past the iron and steel industries of England, France, and Germany have been within easy reach of an international understanding. But hitherto politics have been the chief barrier; the time is ripe for endeavoring to revive the pre-war understanding between these industries.

Moreover, differences in wages alone are not the only factors in the situation. In the case of German producers they are handicapped by the exceedingly high rates that they have to pay for necessary floating capital.

While costs of production in Germany will be favorably affected by the wiping-out of old debts during the inflation era, they will be adversely influenced by limited sales at home, the high rate of interest, and heavy taxation — conditions which are likely to continue indefinitely. Therefore the *Economist* concludes: —

We see little likelihood of a reduction in German costs, for wages are much more likely to move up than down. To our pessimists these considerations may seem consoling, to us they have a different significance, for they suggest the reflection that the damage done to the mechanism of the world international trade by the disturbance of the last decade will not be remedied in a day. The signing of the London Agreement, and the putting into effect of the Dawes Report, will certainly not release a

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sinister flood of German production; nor will it suddenly create purchasing power on the part of Germany. Our view, however, is that the immediate effect will be more good than bad, because it will improve Germany's credit and enable her to secure the means of making purchases abroad on a larger scale than has been possible recently. The loan to Germany is the most important means by which this increased purchasing power will be secured, but our expectation is that this will be supplemented by private credits which should now be advanced more freely.

♣

POLAND

It is as difficult as ever to discover a sure clue through the tortuous turns of Polish politics. Stanislaw Thugutt, leader of the Radical Peasant Party, the second largest group on the Sejm, and of the Parliamentary opposition, has called attention to his country's difficulties in a letter to *Wyzwolenie*, his party organ, and a more moderate article in the London *Labour Magazine*. He hastens to defend his country against the charges of military and imperialist ambition sometimes leveled against her. Speaking of the boundary problem he says: —

No one in Poland dreams of increasing the territory of the state by a single square mile, for, quite frankly, our minorities are too big even in present circumstances. On the other hand, even the most peacefully disposed democrat would be ready to give his life in defense of every inch of our soil, all the more so in view of the fact that the giving-up by Poland of White Russian territories or Eastern Galicia would not create an independent White Russia or Ukraine, but would merely increase the territory of Muscovite Russia.

Poland is prepared to satisfy the claims of her political minorities so far as this is possible without detriment to the unity of the state. But she is handicapped by misfortunes of inheritance. Mr. Thugutt tells his British readers: —

When considering the question of minorities in Poland it is necessary to remember that a century of oppression has made Polish national feeling very sensitive and irritable, and disposed to suspect danger even where there is none. It is impossible to languish in jail for 120 years without suffering both physical and spiritual damage. . . . Poland, who has passed through the school of the former Russian and German Empires, has no experience and very bad memories and models to work from. . . . As a democrat, I am deeply impressed by the way you have settled the Irish question, but I may, perhaps, be permitted to point out that this took a considerably longer time than the five years which are all we have had to-day as an independent state.

As regards Poland's relations with France, Mr. Thugutt is of the opinion that

It would be far better to safeguard the future of my country by raising the general level of international morality and strengthening the current of ideas of which the League is the symbol, rather than by separate alliances. It must, however, be recognized that we are still rather far from a state of things where public opinion alone would be enough to repress an outbreak of militant nationalism. Consequently I believe that the most important question for Poland to-day is not so much maintaining or cancelling any particular alliances, but gaining the confidence of the great nations of the world.

In his open letter to his own party journal, the same writer expresses himself less optimistically: —

At home the economic situation daily grows worse. The peasants suffer hunger; thousands of laborers are turned into the streets. Our foreign relations have rested for years on the frail reed of more or less worthless treaties, and we now wake up to the unpleasant fact that these treaties can be denounced at will. On our eastern border conditions exist that unless remedied will

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end, within a few years, in an armed revolt that will either rob us of some of our provinces or drown us in a sea of blood.

La France Militaire begins a leading article with the statement: 'Never before have we had reason to be as concerned as now regarding Poland.' The reassuring side of the situation is the gradual economic betterment. 'But the morale of the nation is not painted too black,' says this journal, in the picture that Arthur Lavinski drew in the *Kurjer Poranny* last March: —

Our social life is poisoned by the venom of hatred and mutual distrust. We live in an era of base insinuation and suspicion; we lack moral standards by which to judge fairly men and their actions. One might say that our society has lost its sense of justice; ideals of dignity and honor have ceased to regulate the intercourse of men and parties. The conditions in which we live to-day cannot continue without disastrous consequences to the nation and the government.

All Poland is excited over a judicial inquiry into the activities of certain military societies — 'The Patriotic Polish Vigilantes,' the 'National Guard,' the 'Cracow Sharpshooters,' and the 'Polish Liberty Society,' of which Pilsudski is president. In the course of this inquiry Marshal Pilsudski imputed to General Szeptycki, Inspector-General of the Polish Army, responsibility for his arrest by the Germans in 1917. At that time General Szeptycki was Governor-General of the Austrian Zone of Congress Poland. Naturally this charge has caused violent dissensions in military circles.

Added to this, the Diet and the Senate are at loggerheads over the alleged intention of the Government to denounce the treaty protecting the national minorities, and serious disorders are reported in the frontier districts. *Robotnik* declares: 'All the border regions are in effervescence.' *Czas* echoes: 'The situation in our frontier *voyevodies* is threatening.' At the same time banditry has assumed alarming proportions throughout the country.

This picture would seem quite hopeless were such pessimism not so conventional wherever Eastern Europe or the Balkans are to the fore. Perhaps after all the present gloom is explained largely by after-war 'vapors' — to use a term popular with our great-grandfathers.

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HERE 'S YOUR HAT — DON'T HURRY

Mr. Tokutomi Kenjiro, one of the foremost literary men in Japan, who was converted to Christianity forty years ago and remains a Tolstoian defender of the faith, has joined with other native Christian leaders, notably Mr. Uchimura, in urging American missionaries to return to their own country, since the Japanese are excluded from the United States. Mr. Kenjiro is a brother of the well-known editor of *Kokumin*, which is almost as jingoistic as the Hearst dailies in our own country. On war and peace, at least, the two brothers are as far apart as the poles in their opinions.

Mr. Kenjiro celebrated the conclusion of the fourth decade of his Christian life by a straightforward talk to our missionaries, published in Tokyo *Asahi*. We quote from the version of this message printed in the *Japan Weekly Chronicle*: —

'Dear American missionaries in Japan and Korea. — It is high time that you went home, where you are urgently needed. Gardeners sent to work in the neighbors' yards will find their own gardens covered with weeds upon returning.

'Dear America! What a naughty boy you are growing to be! Prosperity has spoiled you, you have grown too fat to retain your tender sensibilities. You

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are too active, and have got out of control. You are dreaming of world domination and believe you can impose anything upon others with impunity. You want to be boss of the world, and you stick your nose into other people's affairs. You don't mean to be bad, after all, and you were born a good child. I love you all the same. But nevertheless you are too arrogant.

'You are going to be fast militarized. You helped Europe to strip the Kaiser of his uniform. Now who has put on his uniform? All the other peoples are looking with deep concern upon America, who is treading upon the fatal path which Germany rushed down before the European War. Militarism seems to be all the rage among your folk. You are giving military drill to your girls. Shame! You are making military preparations day and night. Against whom? Whom are you afraid of? Of Japan?

'Do you imagine that Japan will be afraid of you when you fill the air and seas with the myriad agencies of death? Force calls forth but force, and Japan is itself like a volcano. If you believe that you can coerce Japan, you are mistaken. If you dare to humiliate Japan, the volcano will explode to destroy the whole world. Your suspicion is only irritating Japan.

'Dear friends! Return to your own country and revive the true spirit of Christ among your fellow countrymen. Pacify them, and warn them of the danger to which your people are leading humanity. Teach them to be meek and humble in spirit, as the Great Teacher set an example before the world. You must remind your own people that it was not proud Goliath, armed to the teeth, who won the laurels, but it was the meek and humble David, a shepherd boy, with a sling and pebbles.

'Teach your own people not to slight their own brothers because of their color, smallness of stature, or smallness of their country; that it is sin before God to treat brothers as inferiors because of the difference in their mode of living. Tell them of Christ reborn here and that it is Peace instead of the God of War who abides in the innermost sanctuary of the hearts of the Japanese people.

'You missionaries are expected to finish the work begun by Abraham Lincoln, and you surely have much to do in weeding your own garden. Can you say why you have to stay here when your own home gardens are rank with weeds?

'You have remained in Japan too long and spent too much money already — to help us, of course; but by your excessive protection you are making weaklings of Japanese Christians who should have been independent long ago. Of course I do not blame you for all these things. You are only too kind to us. I do not mean to say that we must separate because we have quarreled, or that we must separate to quarrel. The time has arrived when each of us must clear the beam from his own eye, or, to use our own saying, clear the snow away from our own gates. Each must come nearer to Christ.

'We want our American missionaries to return home and there to melt up all the heavy cannon to cast a statue of peace, to be erected, say, at the entrance to the Golden Gate. Japanese must do likewise, so that the whole world may witness a new era of eternal peace.'

*

CAUCUS DIPLOMACY

AMERICAN readers will recall that the press dispatches reported, on two successive days, the final breaking-off of negotiations between Great Britain and Russia and the signing of a treaty between those countries. Now Mr. E. D. Morel, the prominent Pacifist-Laborist who edits foreign affairs,

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steps forth with a detailed account, in London *Forward*, of how certain Labor Members intervened at the critical moment to ensure agreement between the disputing parties. Moscow *Pravda* independently confirms Mr. Morel's version of what occurred.

It appears that a group of Labor Members held a meeting in the House of Parliament after the breakdown. They listened to what Rakovskii, the head of the Soviet Delegation, and Mr. Ponsonby, speaking for the British Cabinet, had to say. The group then consulted privately, and unanimously accepted the Soviet proposal and rejected the British proposal. This decision was conveyed to the Cabinet together with the threat of certain Labor Members to resign their seats and to fight by-elections on the issue of the treaty if the Government refused to sign. Thereupon the Cabinet capitulated to the agressive coterie of Soviet supporters in its own following.

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A WARRIOR'S RUSCULUM

TEN years have brought a pleasing change in the preoccupations of le Père Joffre. Following the example set by his illustrious juniors, Marshals Foch and Pétain, he has built himself a delightful country retreat on the heights of Louveciennes, near a spot once famous as the home of Madame du Barry. A Paris dispatch to the London *Morning Post* describes the General's place of retirement as

a spacious stone-built dwelling-place, all on one floor, like so many French country places, the centre of the main front being broken by a lofty circular portico standing on a broad pedestal, approached by steps and supported on four tall pillars. The site, and the grounds around it, have been cut out of the virgin forest itself.

'We have long yearned to retire into the fields,' said Madame Joffre in chatting over the details of her new home a day or two ago, 'and one day our good friend, Dr. Truffier, brought us up here, which, as he truly said, was an absolutely unique spot in which to realize our dream.'

The house itself is a copy of the Château de Cardigan, near Bordeaux, which was built toward the end of the eighteenth century by the architect Louis. The entrance gates of wrought-iron came from the late General Maudhuy's château in Lorraine, the design being to a great extent a copy of the beautiful scrollwork embodied in the celebrated grilles of the Place Stanislat at Nancy.

'No, there will be no statues and no futile decorations,' added Madame Joffre, as she bent to continue her task of picking daisies. 'The Marshal and myself want our house to be as simple as our life has always been.'

✻

AN ENGLISH STUDENT ON FRENCH SENTIMENT

AN English student in France writes to the London *Outlook* as follows: —

The Frenchmen of the middle and lower classes are by no means fond of the English. They only come in contact with the upper-class Englishman, who usually acts as if he were entirely unaware of their presence. They complain, as much to-day as ever, of the arrogance and aloofness of the English. Even the upper classes have not got much to say for us. There appears to be a decided preference for the Americans who, when in France, more or less follow French customs, a thing which the English never think of doing. They are resentful of England's attitude toward Germany, and are annoyed that England does not support them more energetically in their efforts to make Germany pay; and a few extremists even appear to think that England is actually betraying France. They do not like Englishmen flocking into France, taking advantage of the depreciation of the franc, but, if they do come, they expect them to spend plenty of money, in order that the country may at least reap some advantage from their presence. The lower-class

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Frenchmen, who understand next to nothing about finance, are annoyed with England for the simple reason that one pound is worth eighty francs. They appear quite to like the Americans, who are more liberal with their money and less aloof. Indeed the Americans appear to be considerably more popular in France than in England.

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MINOR NOTES

SOME light may be thrown upon the operations of Chang Tso-lin, the Mukden dictator, by the rumors published in Tokyo papers to the effect that a secret agreement has been concluded between him and Count Kodama, Governor of Kwantung Province in the Japanese leased territory. These negotiations are said to cover a wide range, and to be designed to solve many outstanding problems between Japan and China in Manchuria. Simultaneously the jingoistic press in Tokyo deplores Japan's weakened position in that province, and takes a rather critical attitude toward Chang Tso-lin himself. *Kokumin* predicted early in August that if Chang Tso-lin and Wu Pei-fu should reach an agreement Chang's attitude toward Japan would become more boldly hostile.

No more gondolas in Venice! The Government has ordered that all boats of every character plying the canals shall be equipped with electric engines within the next twenty months. The motors will be provided and fitted by a local electric firm. It has also been ordered that horse cabs in Rome must discontinue service within five years and be replaced by motor-cars. Apparently this edict applies only to public conveyances; but there are almost no private gondolas remaining in Venice, so the gondolier with his single oar promises soon to become only a romantic figure of the past. Commenting upon this order, the *Manchester Guardian* says: 'What a thing it is to have a Government which knows what is good for you so much better than you know yourself.'

EUROPE'S YANKEE MESSIAH

Mr. Hughes with ledger, 'European Debts,' and scroll, 'Dawes Plan.' — *Moscow Pravda*

GERMAN FASCISTI INVADE WEIMAR

Goethe's statue to Schiller: 'This is evidently no place for a dark-haired, black-eyed cosmopolitan, born in Jewish Frankfort.' — *Vorwärts*

THE EMPIRE'S ENFANT TERRIBLE AND THE CROWN

Royalty in ermine. — *Sydney Bulletin*

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GERMANY THINKS IT OVER

From *Frankfurter Zeitung, August* 1
(LIBERAL DAILY)

TEN years of torment have made us forget what the world was like before the catastrophe befell us. We cannot bring back the feelings of the old days. We see everywhere, even in the seats of authority, men too young to understand what the world was like before the deluge because their minds have been moulded by the privations and hardships of a later age.

Talleyrand once said, when he was an old man: 'He who did not grow up before the French Revolution has never tasted the sweetness of life.' To be sure, life was no dream of unalloyed pleasure before 1914, but when we look back upon those sunnier years how incredibly blessed they seem with abundance, action, and apparent security!

Yet the most remarkable characteristic of that age was the suddenness with which it terminated. Its radiant horizon turned pitchy black within a few days. The war has begotten a flood of literature in every country, but no poet has pictured the frightful tension of the last week between Austria's ultimatum and the actual beginning of hostilities, when every eye stared appalled at the giant form of Moloch rising before it. Horror at the inevitable seized us, as in the Greek tragedy where the murderers have the victim in their house, and the mob outside mutters, with scowling faces: 'Now it comes, the axe swings over his neck.'

We must not let ourselves be diverted from the search for the causes that lie behind this awful decree of fate. Such a search is imperative. The brand of guilt must be set upon the guilty. Above all, it is unworthy of us Germans, in our present abyss of national misfortune, to regard the past merely with a feeling of impotent wrath. 'Had it not been for Isvolskii! Had it not been for Poincaré!'

Individuals played their petty parts on the stage, but the catastrophe goes far deeper than the evil purposes of a few dozen or a few hundred individuals. Let us not debase the tragedy to the level of a criminal trial.

What we used to call Europe ceased to exist, in a political sense, with the war. We still hope that the European nations may ultimately establish acceptable and livable relations with each other which will save their imperiled civilization from extinction. But the old-time Europe of our former statesmen was something more than this. In the opinion of her inhabitants, she represented the last stage of social evolution. She led the rest of the world in technical progress, in military strength, in economic and financial advancement. All the remainder of the globe lay at her feet — provided only that the members of this Areopagus were able to maintain peace among themselves.

But what was that Europe in reality? A loose union of a few neighboring 'Great Powers,' as the nations called themselves. The centre of gravity of the civilized world lay within the London-Petrograd-Rome triangle, a tiny space indeed compared with the habitable globe. Within these narrow confines life reached a richness and complexity unprecedented in the history of mankind. A republic of powerful and warlike Governments is a very unusual phenomenon in history, as it is likewise unusual for a single Power to exercise sovereignty over a large share of the

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earth's surface and to refuse other Powers the right to live beside her.

This Great Power did not insist upon ruling from a single centre her subordinate territories—indeed she might permit them to develop into independent States; but she would not allow her vassals to have a foreign policy of their own, or to possess armaments that she did not approve.

Well over a score of centuries ago, a Persian 'King of Kings' ruled despotically over all western and central Asia. The caliphs of Islam made their word law over the Moslem population of three continents. To-day a President, chosen by his people, directs from Washington the affairs of half a hemisphere. In each instance a certain community of culture has defined the geographical limits to this rule. A similar hope filled Europe — recall Dante — for centuries. But neither the German Kaisers of the Middle Ages nor the French rulers from Louis XIV to Napoleon managed to bring our restless continent under a single sway. The idea of one nation subordinate to another has always been intolerable to Europeans.

The presence of several highly developed and strongly individualized nationalities within a comparatively restricted area gave a unique character to European life. Omitting Russia and the Balkans, which did not strictly belong to the old Europe, ten or twelve entirely distinct and intently self-conscious national cultures — each with its own tongue, mental traits, and literature, and for the most part with an independent genealogy reaching back for many centuries — dwelt together within this narrow area. Nevertheless these various national minds were organically associated, and it is no longer possible to say how much any one of them had been influenced by its neighbors.

Narrow nationalists are to be found in every country who imagine their particular race owes all that it is to itself alone. The bigoted Aryan superstition, still popular in Germany, is nothing more than a naïve modern version of the old dogma of a chosen people, a dogma that is as ancient as history and is confined to no zone or climate. The typical attitude of the Western mind, however, is just the reverse of this: it recognizes that intimate intercourse among neighboring nations is vital to the progress of peoples. We need only to recall the American conception, as voiced in Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*. There we find vivid consciousness of an all-embracing human brotherhood from New York to the Mississippi, and beyond to California — everywhere the same rhythm, the same heartbeat, the same thought, speech, and action. This world-wide catholicity, which the Russians also knew in their better days, is not granted to the western European, confined as he is within narrow frontiers; but his very limitation adds intensity and multiplicity to his spiritual and intellectual intercourse with neighboring countries. The tree whose crowded branches cannot thrust themselves forth from the trunk only lifts its top the higher in the air.

But this biological law of Europe's idealism constantly conflicts with the innate egoism of her peoples. The trend of political, economic, and intellectual evolution toward larger and more powerful groups, especially during the nineteenth century, completely subordinated the sense of European symbiosis, the conception that all nations ought by right to live together in complete equality. Nationalism was exalted into a religion that would tolerate no other gods but itself, and which, rather than recognize them, would burst the world asunder.

The immediate cause of the Great

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War was the imperilment of Austria, whose precarious existence Germany's leaders felt bound to guarantee. Austria, a mosaic of many peoples but still a powerful empire only a century ago, was shattered to fragments by the explosive force of nationalism. The old idea of 'Powers' that were to hold everything together ceased to be understood or recognized.

Many consider the economic imperialism rampant among the great nations of Europe before the war responsible for that catastrophe. The thirst for dominion that burned in the blood of great military States did indeed receive a mighty stimulus from highly developed industries. We do not have to hunt far to find abundant examples of overwrought business imaginations that unscrupulously played with the idea of sacrificing millions of human lives to win iron and coal and petroleum deposits. Nevertheless, it is doubtful if this was the chief cause of the war. Not that statesmen were too tenderhearted to barter blood for coal, but cool calculation taught them that such a dangerous speculation would not pay. Conscience and reason were both silent, however, when the nationalism men had deified proclaimed its will.

Three national antipathies set the world on fire; between Germany and France, between Germany and the Slavs, and between Germany and England. The two former sprang wholly from mutual hatred. The enmity between Germany and England was born of imperialist ambitions, but persistent and not unpromising efforts had been made at reconciliation. Shortly before the outbreak of the war an important colonial agreement was reached between these two Powers that would have satisfied Germany's needs for overseas expansion for a long time to come if the world had remained at peace. Only in respect to her fleet would England make no compromise, because that was a question where the English — as the Germans never fully understood — believed their national existence was at stake. All that England is she owes to sea power. That truth is indelibly imprinted upon the mind of the nation.

Old Europe's political boundaries were badly drawn because they had been determined by previous wars without regard to the just rights of defeated nations; but the World War has not radically reformed them. The national feelings of the conquered, above all of the Germans, have been brutally disregarded, as at an earlier period the sentiment of Poland was disregarded. There is a difference, however, between the two injustices. One hundred years ago Poland was a backward, illiterate country, a majority of whose people were agricultural serfs. To partition her was bad enough; but it was far worse to partition a land with a high civilization, whose people can all read and think for themselves and will ever nurse sullen resentment in their hearts. Hatred, bitterness, and fear have not been diminished in Europe by the war; they have but deepened and spread.

The hope that the minority of 'good Europeans' will be able to purify the political atmosphere of the continent promises little. What other prospect is there? An ancient and evil Latin proverb, which the champions of force used so often to quote to us, runs: 'What medicine will not cure, iron will cure; what iron will not cure, fire will cure.' We have used iron and fire as they were never used before, and all the world beholds what kind of cure they wrought. Perhaps the proverb should be amended thus: 'And what fire will not cure, famine will cure.' Our common poverty may teach us our common brotherhood. A community of the empty pocket may precede a community of mankind.

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While we still chatter about conquerers and conquered, the cool-headed observer in America sees Europe as a uniform morass of misery. The keen, calculating eye of Wall Street surveys us through its telescope, and ponders whether we are worth a further investment of good dollars. So the mutual understanding that we Europeans could not reach of our own accord is forced upon us by foreign capitalists as the first condition of their assistance. American finance sees Europe as a unit. It has no time to waste over our national controversies. The Old World is impoverished, to be sure, but is not so utterly beyond recovery as to be entirely unworthy of credit. Therefore the order of the day is: 'Unite — then you will get money.'

This is a path, to be sure, that the thinkers and seers of Europe never contemplated. What a distance we have traveled between the world monarchy of which Dante dreamed, whose imperial arbiter was to bring peace and justice to the tormented Occident, and the soulless and matter-of-fact Consolidated Europe, Ltd., that Pierpont Morgan figures will offer safe security for a general mortgage under American control!

Not an inspiring thought, indeed, but even this is better than utter raggedness and destitution. In time we may pay up our debts — a long time, to be sure — and meanwhile the aspect of the world is ever changing. America grows richer in men and physical wealth. Other regions of the globe move forward, while Europe grows relatively smaller, weaker, and poorer.

Yet it is absurd to prophesy that for this reason our old European seats of culture are doomed to moulder beneath a shroud of American capitalism. What is good and vital in that culture will survive, and it does vigorously survive to-day in Sweden and Holland. Those lands in their day did also make a great noise in the world with cannon and warships, and they too were taught by the convincing logic of events that a policy of force does not pay. Yet they remain vigorous nations. Europe, who had waxed too fat, is grown lean again, and perhaps healthier in the process; but she cannot endure if she remains divided against herself, as every hour teaches us anew. Yet neither the sword nor reason will prevail upon her to unite. Hence she passes into an American receivership.

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PRIMO DE RIVERA

BY MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO

From *Arbeiter Zeitung, August* 12
(VIENNA CONSERVATIVE-SOCIALIST DAILY)

[MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO, our readers will recall, is the distinguished Spanish Liberal and man of letters who was exiled to a barren island in the Atlantic by the Military Directory and later rescued by a French expedition.]

CONDITIONS in Spain must appear so remarkable to European observers as to make them ask, as we Spaniards likewise do, how it was possible for a man of the type of Primo de Rivera to seize control of the government and maintain himself in power.

Who is this Primo de Rivera? Does he represent anything or nothing? I should be tempted to say that he is a talentless Alcibiades, but I fear this would not be clear. To put it more plainly, he is a sport, a woman-chaser, a gambler, who happened on the idea of trying his luck in politics. What made him do it? A craving for notoriety, to hear himself talked about, and at the same time to better himself financially. He had squandered a large part of his children's patrimony and wished to recover it.

He is the nephew of Don Fernando Primo de Rivera, the first Marquis d'Estella. He followed his uncle to the Philippine Islands and began his military career there under most favorable auspices. When Don Fernando concluded peace with Aguinaldo, the Filipino leader, young Miguel Primo de Rivera stood at his side in the neat uniform of a lieutenant-colonel. His military fame rested upon that.

And he remained so utterly unknown outside of Spain that on the twelfth of September, 1923, when he seized power, several foreign newspapers supposed he was his deceased uncle.

'Miguelito' — 'Little Mike,' as he was called in spite of his ample girth — was hardly better known at home than abroad. He spent most of his time in the pursuit of pleasure, in gambling-halls, clubs, and less respectable resorts. He was not a familiar figure in the barracks. The fact that he was the nephew of a military cacique, and owed his position to favoritism, made him anything but popular among his military colleagues, who are mostly of bourgeois origin. When the Army juntas, the officers' committees, tried to abolish family favoritism in the Army and Navy, and the whole system of irregular promotions and assignments, Miguelito naturally took the other side. This increased his unpopularity among professional soldiers.

Subsequently he went to Morocco where, with the reckless imprudence of a gambler, he contributed to the serious defeat of the Spanish forces at Fondac. If General Berenguer had not come promptly to his rescue he would have lost not only his military reputation but his life. But Primo managed to bluff himself out of this affair successfully. He sedulously 'worked' the officers on the court-marshal so as to be sure, as he personally told an acquaintance, of having at least one protector on that body. By these tactics he contrived to be exonerated.

Subsequently he was Military Gov-

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ernor of Cadiz, and later Captain-General of Madrid. He likewise became a Senator. He advocated Spain's giving up Morocco and exchanging her territories there for Gibraltar. As a result, he had to resign temporarily his post in the Army.

Then he was appointed Captain-General of Catalonia, at a time when no one else could be found to accept the office. He proved an evil genius also in that position. I do not propose to discuss the scandals of his private life, but merely his political career. When the great strike of the transport workers occurred, Primo de Rivera prevented the civilian authorities from settling the dispute by mediation. He urged the employers to resist to the last, and blocked every effort at a peaceful compromise although the workers were ready to welcome such a measure. The Liberal Cabinet then in power decided to remove an official, who made it his business to aggravate class hatred, but the King backed up the General, and supported the military clique against the civilian authorities.

Primo de Rivera now flattered the Army caste and encouraged military usurpation and aggression. When a noncommissioned officer, who had taken part in a military uprising on the Island of Malaga, was about to be pardoned, Primo de Rivera telegraphed the Minister of War protesting that the Army would regard such an act as subversive to military discipline. On another occasion, however, when the Spanish Government was about to execute certain Moorish prisoners for committing atrocities, Primo telegraphed the Government that the Army would consider these executions a disgrace to the service. His other acts and opinions have been equally inconsistent and contradictory.

The future Dictator became a candidate for Senator on the Liberal ticket. The Government, wearied of his intrigues and stupidities, opposed his election. Primo de Rivera thereupon promptly swapped horses and became a bitter opponent of the Liberals. He now came out as the great enemy of the politicians. His principal complaint against them was that they opposed a military campaign which the general staffs of both the Army and Navy had themselves condemned as badly planned and imprudent.

This is the kind of man who now governs Spain. How was it possible for him to make himself its Dictator — albeit he has nothing to dictate, and his office is largely futile for that reason?

The Army wanted to set General Aguillera at its head, but that gentleman, after taking counsel with the leader of the Conservative Party, Sanchez Guerra, sacrificed the opportunity. This pleased the King, because he knew that Aguillera was determined that those responsible for the Morocco disaster should be unsparingly exposed, and that he would not halt even at the footsteps of the throne if the trail lay there. Such a complete clearing-up of the scandal must be avoided at all costs. But there was no general of ability and standing who would consent to exculpate the guilty, no one who was ready to overthrow the Government at the behest of the King; thereupon Primo seized the opportunity and placed himself at his sovereign's disposal. His proffer was accepted under the condition that he should not retain power more than three months and that he should defend the dogma that 'the King can do no wrong' under the Constitution.

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HOW I SCULPTURED THE KING OF SPAIN

BY FRANÇOIS COGNÉ

From *L'Illustration, August* 16
(PARIS ILLUSTRATED LITERARY WEEKLY)

April 22. — This morning I left my hotel quite early and strolled about the streets of Madrid. At two o'clock I arrived at the royal palace, although my engagement was not until three. This gave me plenty of time to examine the architecture of the buildings, the work of Sacchetti, who built them in the eighteenth century. At three o'clock the Marquis de Torrès arrived to take me to the royal apartments. During our passage through the various galleries, soldiers would bang their lances on the ground, making them reverberate on the floor of the flagstone court. We passed through some admirable rooms, and I was left by the Marquis in the ambassadorial hall. The King appeared in a few minutes with a bright smile on his face. As I bowed he gripped my hand firmly and said, 'Good morning, M. Cogné, how are you?' as if he had known me for a long time. I thanked him for the honor he was doing me, and expressed how much I was touched with his reception and how happy I was that he had chosen me to make his bust. I asked him to be so good as to pose so that I could make a few sketches and preliminary measurements.

'Is the light all right?' he asked me. 'Would you like me to go somewhere else?'

He sat down on a red bench with a superb piece of tapestry behind it. Soon we were talking. I told him how much he was liked in France, and how we regretted not being able to see him more often. He was very pleased and talked to me of Bordeaux, which he thought a very handsome city, of its museums and its inhabitants, of Biarritz, and of Saint-Jean-de-Luz. He added: 'Yesterday I recognized you at once in church.'

'But, your Majesty, you placed me almost next you.'

'True enough, I wanted to see you. Did you mark me well?' These were his very words.

He always laughs when he talks, and I made a hasty sketch of him and took a few measurements.

When I was through, the King asked me to choose what room I should like to work in. I took the Salletta Gasparini, near a great bay-window through which the light streams in. The King authorized me to photograph and arrange the apartments in any way that I pleased, kindly adding that he would be at my service for sittings; and then, taking my arm, he played the part of guide and took me all over the palace.

He stayed for some time in the throneroom, the ceiling of which is admirably painted by Tiepolo, and told me a few anecdotes.

'You see,' he said, 'those two chairs beside the throne? The one on the left I found in the cellar where I was looking for something entirely different. It was certainly used by one of my ancestors. I have had it remounted, cleaned, and re-covered with the same red tapestry that is on the walls. That chair is for the Queen. I have had another one like it made for me,

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and on its arms two heads have been sculptured. Are n't they handsome?

'Those four lions remind me of an amusing story about when I was five years old and was making my first appearance at Court. Behind the chairs were all the ambassadors from all over the world; on the right and left stood the most important people in Spain — princes and grandees. I was intensely bored. After discreetly yawning several times, I quietly slid out of my chair and with a single leap I jumped on the back of one of the lions. Profound silence ensued. The reading of a decree was interrupted, and one of the functionaries took hold of me gently and tried to lift me back in my chair; but I huddled up and grabbed hold of my lion as if it were a rocking-horse.'

He gave a burst of laughter and continued: —

'The solemn courtiers on either hand lost their dignity, smiles and smothered laughter followed; only the Royal Family remained serene.'

Still laughing, he added, 'You can imagine what I got that night!'

The King led me on still farther, making me admire each room and everything in it. Above all, he is a real connoisseur and a subtle critic. In front of certain furniture in bad taste he excused himself by saying, 'You see, I have respect for the traditions of my family, and I am forced to save all this stuff.'

We both admired the Goyas, certainly the finest in Spain.

We passed through the King's private room, the walls of which were covered with trophies of the chase. Here the sportsman revealed himself. There were English engravings of horse races, bronze soldiers, a bust of Napoleon on the desk, and a box of cigars and cigarettes the size of a trunk.

In the bedroom the copper bedstead is canopied with red silk, and there are little windows in the corners above the head; but the three pictures in front of it made the greatest inpression on me. I approached. They were three French canvases by Detaille. I could not help saying, 'Your Majesty, I am profoundly touched to see that you are so fond of our artists that when you open your eyes every morning it is French art that greets them.'

The King replied in a grave tone: 'I love France — she is beautiful. I love her for herself and for everything that she produces.'

My visit lasted two hours. We came back slowly through the same rooms, when the King turned to me and said: 'What is your programme now? Are you free? Well, come to the country with me — it will do you good. I am going to play polo.'

He disappeared laughing and gave orders to the Marquis de Torrès for a limousine to take us out to the polo field. When we arrived there, I had the honor of being presented to Her Majesty the Queen, who is an extremely beautiful woman. Her face was framed in a delightful straw hat, a scarf of white silk was laid across her shoulders, and she wore a ravishing mauve dress; but I was most of all seduced by her blue eyes of marked clearness and frankness. How inadequately the photographs that I have seen of her have been able to communicate the charm that radiates from her face!

Her Majesty talked to me about France, about my visit, and about my future work. She spoke the language perfectly without any accent, like a real Parisienne. We watched the fierce struggle of the players. The King with great audacity was riding the fastest of all.

Soon the Queen retired to a pavilion in the English style, followed by her ladies of honor. A few moments later

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the Marquis de Torrès invited me to join them and have some tea. Her Majesty asked me to sit down at her right.

She spoke of everything — theatres, expositions, bullfights.

'Have you seen Raquel Meller in *Violettes impériales?*' she asked me. 'It is a good film, but the scenario is inaccurate. A Queen cannot go out without her ladies of honor — it is the custom of the Court.'

April 23. — I have been put to considerable inconvenience, for the room in which I have been working, which opens into the throneroom, is lit only by three bay-windows; and the light that comes through them is so dazzling that it blinds me. Another serious drawback is that the modeling clay is like putty — the same smell, the same color, and the same consistency.

While working I felt as if I were communicating with the past, with the ancestors of the King; and I imagined that I saw again the wonderful portrait of Philip IV, by Velásquez. He had the same solid neck, the same protruding sensual lower lip, the same eyelids.

The King said to me the other day: 'People find me ugly, but that is my inheritance.'

I protested — he is not ugly. He has character and great nobility in his features and his bearing. His forehead is handsome, his Bourbon nose is finely modeled at its base, his ears are small. The trouble is that his lower lip protrudes; but I cannot help repeating that he looks astonishingly like Philip II and Philip IV.

April 24. — At eleven o'clock I came to the Royal Palace, where I found everything in order, my basins washed out, and my equipment ready. I took off my vest, put on my gloves, and uncovered the bust. How loamy the clay was, and how blinding the light!

I glanced out into the courtyard. Some soldiers below struck up a number of French military airs, as if they had been waiting for me. At about two o'clock I felt that there was no one in the neighboring halls and thought I might profit by visiting them at my leisure and taking down a few notes. His Majesty was having lunch. I myself do not eat in the middle of the day, but work until I am tired out.

When I returned to my labors, I suddenly looked behind me. The King had just appeared unexpectedly. He laughed at the surprise that I showed.

'I am astonished, your Majesty. I did not expect the honor of seeing you.'

I rushed to put on my vest, but he would not let me and seized me by the hand. 'How are things going with you this morning, M. Cogné?'

And in one of the corners of the room the King took his position for his pose. I made a few measurements while he talked to me.

'How did you like the polo game?'

'Splendid, your Majesty, but dangerous.'

'Oh no, you often get a crack with the mallet; I have been hit six times near my eye, but it does n't amount to anything. I much prefer such trifles to the inflammation of the lungs that you get from dancing. Polo is excellent exercise; in order to work well you have got to play games, and you sleep better, too. Lately I have been going to bed early.'

'I have noticed, your Majesty, that Spaniards are very fond of sports; they like Rugby and football as well as horse-racing.'

'Yes, that is especially true of Seville where, on some occasions, they have had to call off a bullfight for lack of spectators because it fell on the same day as the Rugby match.'

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'Yesterday, your Majesty, I went to a bullfight.'

'How did you like it?'

'I found the spectacle diverting for one thing, and for another I enjoyed watching the demeanor of the crowd and the motions of the men who were risking their lives. That I enjoyed. I may add, however, that though I pitied the bull I was most of all sorry for the death of the horses, because I saw several of them killed.'

Meanwhile the King smoked and chuckled. 'Am I a good model?'

'Yes, your Majesty. I have had much more restless models than you, men who won't hold a pose and who keep watching me work, others who read or walk up and down so that I am obliged to run along after them.'

'How did you find the Pope?'

'The Pope read his breviary. Now and then he would raise his head to pray and lift his eyes to Heaven. At those moments I would work the hardest. He was a good model.'

'And Lyautey?'

'Oh! Marshal Lyautey smoked, walked about, and received callers. He was a very difficult subject.'

'Why did they kick him out?'

'Why, your Majesty, he has not been fired. He is sick and has come back to France to rest, but there is no question of his abandoning his post.'

I added: 'What a splendid and imposing figure he is in the history of Morocco! What a genius! What a scientist, and also what an artist, what a man of letters, and what an organizer!'

'Yes,' the King replied. 'I was very sorry that he left, as much for Morocco's sake as for ours. He is the kind of organizer who is not always desirable, for he has a way of speaking the truth rather too brutally, but at the same time he is a real gentleman. Is n't that so?' he added, addressing a colonel who was watching me work.

'Yes, your Majesty, I shall always remember him, in all the dealings we had together, as a perfect gentleman.'

I began to feel that my model had had enough. So I put on my waistcoat, and we made a tour of the galleries.

April 26. — The King is going to take the train, and we are to set out for France together.

The station, with a red carpet laid in it, was full of prominent people, officials, churchmen in red and purple robes, generals in parade dress, and uniforms on all sides. The King appeared in a simple business suit, soft shirt, and a soft hat over one ear.

As the train whistled, he shook hands, bowed, and jumped nimbly on the car platform. The spectators shouted: '*Viva el rey!*'

In the car that is carrying us I think about what a pleasant trip I have had. In my imagination I review the scenes that I have witnessed in the past few days. I think especially of the King, of his simplicity, of his pleasantness, of his lively intelligence, and of his gay spirits.

Soon after eating in the dining-car, he said to me quietly, 'Is the bust aboard?'

'Yes, your Majesty.'

'What a shame it is not colored; for it looks so much like me you could stick it out of the door and I should be saved the trouble of having to appear in the stations where the authorities are waiting for me.'

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CHINESE ILLUSTRATED IN VERSE

BY KU HUNG-MING

[THIS essay is selected from a second edition of a collection of papers by this distinguished Chinese scholar, published at Peking in 1922, under the title, *The Spirit of the Chinese People.*]

ALL foreigners who have tried to learn Chinese say that it is a very difficult language. But is Chinese really difficult? Before we answer this question, let us understand what we mean by the Chinese language. There are, as everybody knows, two languages — I do not mean two dialects — in China: the spoken and the written language. Now, by the way, does anyone know the reason why the Chinese insist upon having these two distinct spoken and written languages? I will here give you the reason. In China, as it was at one time in Europe when Latin was the learned or written language, the people are properly divided into two distinct classes, the educated and the uneducated. The colloquial or spoken language is the language for the use of the uneducated, and the written language is for the use of the really educated. In this way half-educated people do not exist in this country. That is the reason, I say, why the Chinese insist upon having two languages.

Now think of the consequences of having half-educated people in a country. Look at Europe and America to-day. In Europe and America — since, from the disuse of Latin, the sharp distinction between the spoken and the written language has disappeared — there has arisen a class of half-educated people who are allowed to use the same language as the really educated people, who talk of civilization, liberty, neutrality, militarism, and Panslavism without in the least understanding what these words really mean. People say that militarism is a danger to civilization. But to me it seems that the half-educated man, the mob of half-educated men in the world to-day, is the real danger to civilization. But that is neither here nor there.

Now to come to the question: Is Chinese a difficult language? My answer is, yes and no. Let us first take the spoken language. The Chinese spoken language, I say, is not only not difficult, but, as compared with the half-dozen languages that I know, the easiest language in the world, except Malay. Spoken Chinese is easy because it is an extremely simple language without case, without tense, without regular and irregular verbs; in fact without grammar, or any rules whatever. But people have said to me that Chinese is difficult just because of its simplicity; just because it has no rules or grammar. That, however, cannot be true. Malay, like Chinese, is also a simple language without grammar or rules, and yet Europeans who learn it do not find it difficult. Thus in itself, and for the Chinese people, colloquial or spoken Chinese at least is not a difficult language. But for the educated Europeans who have come to China even colloquial or spoken Chinese is a very difficult language; and why? Because spoken or colloquial Chinese is, as I said, the language of uneducated men — in fact the language of a child. Now, as a proof of this, we all know how easily European children learn colloquial or spoken Chinese, while learned philologists and

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Sinologues insist on saying that Chinese is so difficult. Colloquial Chinese, I say again, is the language of a child. My first advice, therefore, to my foreign friends who want to learn Chinese is 'Become as little children.' You will then not only enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but you will also be able to learn Chinese.

We now come to the written or book language — written Chinese. But here, before I go further, let me say there are also different kinds of written Chinese. The missionaries class these under two categories and call them 'easy *wen li*' and 'difficult *wen li*.' But that, in my opinion, is not a satisfactory classification. The proper classification, I should think, would be 'plain-dress' written Chinese, 'official-uniformed' Chinese, and 'full court-dress' Chinese.

Now many foreigners have called themselves, or have been called, Chinese scholars. Writing on Chinese scholarship, some thirty years ago, I said: 'Among Europeans in China, the publication of a few dialogues in some provincial patois or the collection of a hundred Chinese proverbs at once entitles a man to call himself a Chinese scholar. There is, of course, no harm in a name and, with the extraterritoriality clause in the treaty, an Englishman in China may with impunity call himself Confucius, if so it pleases him.' Yet how many foreigners who call themselves Chinese scholars have any idea of what an asset of civilization is stored up in that portion of Chinese literature which I have called the literature in full court-dress Chinese? I say an asset of civilization, because I believe that this Chinese literature will be able one day to transform even rude savage men with the fighting instincts of wild animals into peaceful, gentle, and civil persons. And the object of civilization, as Ruskin says, is to make over mankind into civil persons who will do away with coarseness, violence, brutality, and fighting.

But is the written Chinese a difficult language? My answer is, yes and no. I say the written or literary Chinese, for even what I have called full court-dress Chinese is not difficult, because, like spoken or colloquial Chinese, it is extremely simple. Allow me to show you by an average specimen taken at random how extremely simple written Chinese is even when it is decked out in full court-dress. The specimen I take is a poem of four lines from the poetry of the Tang dynasty describing what sacrifices the Chinese people had to make in order to protect their civilization against the wild, half-civilized, fierce Huns from the North. The words of the poem translated into English verbatim mean: —

Swear sweep the Huns not care self,
Five thousand sable embroidery perish desert dust;
Alas! Wuting riverside bones,
Still are spring chambers dream inside men!

A free English version of the poem is something like this: —

They vowed to sweep the heathen hordes
From off their native soil or die:
Five thousand tasseled knights, sable-clad,
All dead now on the desert lie.
Alas! the cold white bones that bleach
Far off along the Wuting stream,
Still come and go as living men
Home somewhere in a loved one's dream.

Now, if you will compare it with my poor clumsy English version, you will see how plain in words and style, how simple in ideas, the original Chinese is. How plain and simple in words, style, and ideas: and yet how deep in thought, how deep in feeling it is.

In order to have an idea of this kind of Chinese literature — deep thought and deep feeling in extremely simple language — you will have to read the Hebrew Bible. The Hebrew Bible is one of the deepest books in all the lit-

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erature of the world, and yet how plain and simple it is in language. Take this passage for instance: 'How is the faithful city become an harlot! . . . Thy princes are rebellious, and companions of thieves: every one loveth gifts, and followeth after rewards: they judge not the fatherless, neither doth the cause of the widow come unto them.' Or this other passage from the same prophet: 'I will give children to be their princes, and babes shall rule over them. And the people shall be oppressed, every one by another, and every one by his neighbour: the child shall behave himself proudly against the ancient, and the base against the honourable.' What a picture! The picture of the awful state of a nation or people as we see it in China to-day. In fact, if you want to have literature which can transmute men, can civilize mankind, you will have to go to the literature of the Hebrew people or of the ancient Greeks or to the Chinese literature. But Hebrew and Greek are now dead languages, whereas Chinese is a living language — the language of four hundred million people still living to-day.

But now to sum up what I want to say about the Chinese language. Spoken Chinese, as well as written Chinese, is in one sense a very difficult language. It is difficult not because it is complex. Many European languages such as Latin and French are difficult because they are complex and have many rules. Chinese is difficult, not because it is complex, but because it is deep. It is hard to master because it is an instrument for expressing deep feeling in simple diction. That is the secret of the difficulty of the Chinese language. In fact, as I have said elsewhere, Chinese is a language of the heart — a poetical language. That is the reason why even a simple letter in prose written in classical Chinese reads like poetry. In order to understand written Chinese, especially what I call full court-dress Chinese, you must have your full nature — the heart and the head, the soul and the intellect — equally developed.

It is for this reason that, for people with a modern European education, Chinese is especially difficult, because that education develops principally only part of a man's nature — his intellect. In other words, Chinese is difficult for such a man because Chinese is a deep language and modern European education, which aims more at quantity than quality of knowledge, is apt to make a person shallow. Finally, for half-educated people even the spoken language, as I have indicated, is difficult. Of half-educated people it may be said — as was once said of rich men — it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for them to understand high classical Chinese, and for this reason: because written Chinese is a language for the use of only really educated people. In short, written Chinese, classical Chinese, is difficult because it is the language of really educated people and real education is a difficult thing to acquire, since, as the Greek proverb says, 'all beautiful things are the fruit of great labor.'

But before I conclude let me here give another specimen of written Chinese to illustrate what I mean by the simplicity and depth of feeling to be found even in the minor classical tongue, in the literature written in official-uniformed Chinese. It is a poem of four lines by a modern poet, written on New Year's eve. The words translated verbatim mean: —

Don't say home poor pass year hard,
North wind has blown many times cold,
Next year peach willow hall front trees
Pay-back you spring light full eyes see.

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A free translation would be something like this: —

Fret not — though poor we yet can pass the year;
Let the north wind blow ne'er so chill and drear,
Next year when peach and willow are in bloom,
You 'll yet see spring and sunlight in our home.

Here is another specimen longer and more sustained. It is a poem by Tu Fu, the Wordsworth of China, of the Tang Dynasty. I will give here only my free English translation.

MEETING AN OLD FRIEND

In life, friends seldom are brought near;
Like stars, each one shines in his own sphere.
To-night — oh! what a happy night!
We sit beneath the same lamplight.
Our youth and strength last but a day.
Ah! you and I — our hairs are gray.
Friends? Half are in a better land;
With tears we grasp each other's hands.
Twenty more years — short, after all —
I enter again your ancestral hall.
When last we met, you had no wife;
Now you have children — such is life!
Beaming, they greet their father's chum;
They ask with interest whence I come.
Before we each our say have said,
The table is already laid.
Fresh salads from the garden near,
Rice mixed with millet — frugal cheer.
When shall we meet? 'T is hard to know.
So let the wine bowl freely flow.
This wine, I know, will do no harm,
My old friend's welcome is so warm.
To-morrow I go — to be whirled
Again into the wide, wide world.

My version I admit is almost doggerel. It is meant merely to give the literal meaning of the Chinese text. But the Chinese text is not doggerel but poetry — poetry simple to the verge of colloquialism, yet with a grace, dignity, pathos, and nobleness which I cannot reproduce, and which perhaps it is impossible to reproduce, in English, in such simple words.

CHINESE COOLIE SONGS

BY NEVILLE WHYMANT

From the *Saturday Review, August* 9
(London Tory Weekly)

The Chinese coolie presents the key to the problem of the Chinese race. 'John Chinaman' is notoriously enigmatic, but contrary to general opinion he is far from being beyond analysis. He is human, and yet appears wonderfully detached from everything save his own soul. He is wise in his illiteracy, which is often mistaken for general ignorance, while his sympathy and friendship are strong enough to stand any strain. And because he is such a paradox he has been sadly misjudged. His peculiar characteristics have been distorted into queer vices, but through it all he goes merrily singing on his way.

The Chinese psychology is strongly akin to that of the Englishman. Many comparisons have been made between Japan, the Island-Empire of the Far East, and the British Isles, but practical experience shows these to be purely superficial. Chinese and British psychology, however, are fundamentally allied, and the internal history of both races will give the reason. In no instance is this sympathy more clearly seen than in an examination of the

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working classes and their outlook on life. The fact that a Chinese coolie sings his scraps of wisdom, while the British navvy or artisan merely spits them out in forcible language, does not alter the case. The coolie's speech, whether in ordinary talk or song, is invariably adequate to the occasion. As an expression of mild disgust at things unfitted, —

A monkey plays the banjo,
What music do you call that?

might appeal — with variations according to temperament — to a navvy at the docks in London as strongly as to a coolie laboring under a tropical sun. The East End of London is not very far away from the back streets of Canton: —

First we quarreled and then we fought,
I hated her, she hated me;
But that was hate just one inch long,
Next day we were in love again.

Metaphor plays a very important rôle in Chinese speech, and the coolie has pressed a full measure into his workaday ejaculations. It is more than strange to hear from the unmelodious, untutored lips of the coolie a beautiful metaphor long cherished by scholars from ancient lore. I once heard a coolie who had been severely criticized burst out with: —

'Mountains through the falling rain,
Smoke through the snow.'

He certainly could never have read the words, for he 'did not recognize even the character "one,"' as the Chinese proverb has it, but he knew their application. Long ago a famous artist who had become successful was advised to be more critical in his dealings with ambitious students. He, however, repudiated the extreme severity in criticism which was the fashion of his day, and retorted: —

'Mountains through the falling rain,
Smoke through the snow,
These are difficult things to draw.
When well done they please the eye,
Badly done they give offense.
How easy to look upon such things,
But how difficult to execute!'

It would be extremely difficult to discover how much ancient wisdom of his race the Chinese coolie carries in his head. He seems to be a never-failing spring with a song — blunt, coarse, delicate, piquant, amusing, according to the occasion. And owing to the fact that the coolie speaks his own patois it is impossible to write down in Chinese characters the text of his songs. Perhaps it is not generally known that the Chinese script is considered sacred, 'one character is worth more than a thousand pieces of gold,' — this on the authority of an old Emperor of China, — and that such consideration has made it purely a literary vehicle. Nothing short of a masterpiece is worthy to be enshrined in such noble symbols. Thus there are no coolie-song anthologies in China; one must learn from the lips of the coolies and fight one's way through archaic reference or historical glorification of nonentities, and study a fantastic symbolism. Luckily, however, a large number of the songs present no difficulty. When a coolie wants to borrow a tool from his neighbor, for example, he says: —

'Your chopping-knife
And my whetstone.
Each man should know his own limitations.'

Gambling is the ruling passion of the leisure hour from the mandarin to the coolie. So the coolie who has lost the fruit of his labor cries out on his homeward way: —

'I am without a single cash.
No coin have I nor yet a hope.
My case is that of a tired sparrow
Crossing a wide sea.'

The Chinese has his Lares and Penates, and they are to him very real. Chief of all is the kitchen-god, and a little shrine is in every kitchen. When a

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disaster comes, and a fire or flood wipes out a district, the homeless ones wander about wailing: —

'The kitchen-god has gone to Heaven
And there's no place to live.'

He is house-proud too, and the lower the stratum of society the deeper the pride in his poor belongings. Straightforwardness is esteemed a virtue and bragging a vice. A man who puts forward unjustifiable claims, who parades his little worth in the guise of wisdom, is called 'a rat in a library.'

A rat got into a library
And gnawed at sacred characters.
They brought no wisdom to his mind —
The rat got indigestion!

It is the foreign student of things Chinese who gets indigestion when he tries to unravel the tangle made by the nimble hopping of the native mind from one subject to another. The Chinese mind seems to have a longer reach than is common with us, and it bridges all kinds of gulfs with songs and proverbs. Scholars have insisted *ad nauseam* on the truth that to speak Chinese well one must mix with the ordinary phrases of conversation an adequate sprinkling of proverbs. It is quite possible in a Chinese market-place to hear a conversation between two merchants into which no word of business seems to enter and yet a deal is concluded and a bargain struck. By proverbial suggestion one may discuss almost any subject quite openly in China. It is merely necessary to use the words 'Wang Hua's luck' to convey a complete historical incident to a Chinese mind, at the same time giving a delicate reproof. And that most proverbs in China are elliptic condensations of coolie songs is an undoubted fact, one instance of which will appear from examination of the example I have quoted. A coolie who was weary and unwell, while still far from the end of his task, spurred himself on by singing: —

'You had better work and strive for rice,
It won't rain down upon your head.
There was but one piece of luck in the world —
Wang Hua had that and he's long dead.
You can't do better than I advise,
It's work, not luck, that makes man wise.'

Asking about Wang Hua, I endured a long recital, out of which emerged the essential fact that the boy was a commoner who by his innate piety and devotion to duty earned the approbation of an Emperor even to the extent of succeeding him on his demise.

China has had her artists starving in garrets, also the art-poseurs one knows so well. The coolie is eminently practical, there is no room in his psychology for 'feeding upon Art.'

I saw a picture the other day,
With geese and flowering trees and a moon,
But still I ate my bowl of rice!

'When the ears burn people are discussing you' has its counterpart with the Chinese coolie: —

My eyes twitch so, I cannot see,
And now my eyebrows have grown long.

To conclude, one may again emphasize the human note. The harassed husband declares the whole world kin while relieving his feelings: —

'Ah, me! alackaday!
My feet are sore, my head is bruised,
I had an awful night.
Who can hope for domestic peace?
Even a skillful housewife
Cannot manage four children!'

Essentially practical, and full of caustic wit directed against the man who is merely a dreamer, the coolie has his moments of deep feeling. Absence from home stirs him always to his best efforts.

I raise my eyes and see the moon,
I let them fall, and think of home.

Not once, nor merely a dozen times, have I heard a coolie sing these words of the divine Li Po.

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THE CHASTUSHKA

BY EVGENII NEDZELSKII

From *Volia Rossii, March* 15
(PRAGUE SOCIALIST-REVOLUTIONARY SEMIMONTHLY)

THE *chastushka* was originally a song improvised by factory workers, which has subsequently developed many variants — improvised quatrains on topics of current interest, and parodies of popular songs and sometimes even church chants. A whole poem of these quatrains will be sung and modified from day to day; single couplets survive while the rest is forgotten; finally only the beginning or the refrain of a few stanzas will retain the original form, as for instance in the now celebrated 'Little Apple.'

This type of popular rhyme is not modern. Examples of it are recorded by Kirsha Danilov, the first collector of Russian folk-songs. But they have never been so numerous and popular as they are to-day. This is because the chastushka has been found a most convenient medium for reflecting in song our shifting, varicolored, rapidly changing life with its widely divergent and abruptly alternating ideals. Formerly it was sung only by factory people; then it spread to the village; and now it is current everywhere, in city and country. Originally also it was restricted geographically to Great Russia, but when the immense migration of peoples began in Russia — accompanied by kaleidoscopic changes of government and brigand rulers in the South, endless movements to and fro of Whites and Reds, of refugees and prisoners, of advancing armies and stampeding armies — the chastushka spread all over the land, preserving its Great Russian form, although often sung with the Ukrainian accent. While in the North its contents deal only with the topics of everyday life, in Moscow and throughout the South it has become the vehicle of political epigram.

During 1918, when the battle line between the Red Guards and the White Guards swayed back and forth across Southern Russia, I had many an opportunity to study these chastushki. I discovered with surprise that people had stopped singing the old-fashioned longer songs; that they would sing them only as a special favor or when paid to do so in tobacco, thread, or soap. But they were always ready to sing chastushki, and shortened the long winter evenings with endless improvisations of the equivocal 'Little Apple.' Rhyme is the chief — practically the only requisite — of this kind of poetry. It was the only way that the harassed people could express their sorrow and anger without risk. Many quatrains, of course, were only the crudest doggerel, but I recorded good and bad as opportunity offered, because all alike were documents of popular sentiment at the time.

Social-Revolutionaries,
Just as in a play,
Shouted: 'Land and Freedom!'
And quickly skipped away.

Soon Kerenskii had to flee.
Then Lenin and Trotskii
Promptly managed to agree
To a proletarian policy.

Apple, little apple,
Thou art round and pretty,

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But the peasant's painful lot
Must move the world to pity.

All power to the Soviets
All land to the Cadets.
All money to the Bolsheviki
And the knout to the muzhiki!

We use sugar from Brodskii,
Tea from Vyssotskii,
And Holy Russia
All belongs to Trotskii.

Apple, little apple,
Pretty red cheek!
The Soviets are mighty,
All tremble when they speak.

When White armies were in possession of a given territory, the inconvenient word was easily changed and people sang, with true poetic indifference to things political: —

Apple, little apple,
Pretty red cheek!
The Cadets are mighty,
All tremble when they speak.

Or, instead of singing: —

Apple, little apple,
Pretty bright red!
Trotskii will soon be here,
Don't doubt it, on your head,

they would sing: —

Wrangel will soon be here
Don't doubt it, on your head,

and be just as well satisfied — or just as unhappy.

Again there was a couplet which ran: —

A little steamer 's sailing
Loaded quite awash,
To feed Black Sea fishes
With Frenchmen's flesh. . . .

This was during the French 'intervention' in Odessa. When that short-lived calamity was over, the couplet was successively fitted for many various uses. The singer would 'feed the Black Sea fishes' with 'White volunteers,' with 'Commissars,' or with 'Communists.' It was no more than the small matter of changing the end of one line to rhyme with the new variation.

A human response to suffering, whoever the sufferer was, found expression in many variations of the chastushka. People would sing: —

Thou, my young Bolshevik,
Whither dost thou march?
Thou wilt get to Perekop [Crimea]
And there thou wilt forever stop.

Quite as often the first line would read: —

Thou, my White volunteer . . .

Another couplet ran: —

Ah, thou young officer,
Why takest thou a bride?
Soon the Bolsheviki will come
And then woe thee betide!

The variation was: —

Ah, thou young Bolshevik,
Why takest thou a bride?
Soon the bourjooy will come
And then woe thee betide!

Some sarcasm could be detected in the couplet addressed to the Reds during the civil war in Crimea: —

The apple, little apple,
In Crimea grows most sweet,
But it's hard to pass Perekop.
[the White stronghold]
And gather it to eat!

The woes of constant commandeering were sung thus: —

My right horse is in Kiev,
My left in the Urals far,
Even my young heifer
Has been mobilized for war.

People would run away from these incessant 'mobilizations' and defend their 'neutrality' in organized and armed bands of so-called Greens, because they usually emerged suddenly from the woods to rob peaceful settlements.

Slashchev is not our boss,
Nor Budenny either.
We're not Reds, we're not Whites,
We're merry Greens together.

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The fanatical resistance of the Whites when all transport broke down and the army was virtually without food or clothing was, to the popular bard, nothing but incomprehensible absurdity.

Eh, my engine, engine dear,
Thy cars are smashed to scraps.
And the officers are fools,
Who fight for their shoulder straps.

Father Makhno [a robber chief]
Has carloads of gold,
Yet these fool officers
Fight unsold.

Not all of the chastushki, however, were so impartial. The Whites, at the time of their successful pursuit of the Bolshevist armies, would sing sarcastically: —

We'll crush the bourgeois
All the world over.
If they drive us from Europe
To Asia we'll canter.

And a Red Guard sang: —

They've promised to give me a permit
For a new blouse, 't is said.
But by that time I'll gladly sell
My pants for a crust of bread.

There was a great fashion for parodies of well-known popular songs. Among the numerous variations of the first stanza of the International, —

Arise, accursed, stigmatized,
The world of slaves and hungry men . . .

was the following: —

Arise, thou dirty million-maker,
And read the lawful price of bread.

There is an old song: —

Sunshine gleams on bayonets
And martial strains they play
As the valiant hussar regiments
Bravely march away,

which suffered the following alterations during the civil war: —

No sunshine gleams upon their arms,
What use are arms to-day?
Only dust-clouds fill the air
As our comrades march away.

Peeping from under their curtains
Their eyes distended with fright,
The bourjooy peek and tremble,
For they see trouble in sight.

This morning without glitter or glamour —
For what use are arms on such duty? —
Our comrades are quietly leaving
With knapsacks bursting with booty.

After a few years of civil war and of the romance connected with the frequent passing of troops through the towns, the young girls grew tired of it all, and they sang: —

No German prisoner for me,
No soldier bold and gay.
I want Ivan at the altar
Upon my wedding-day.

For all those military folk are so very unsteady, and unsettled, and destitute!

I'm sitting on a barrel
My bitter tears to hide.
For the soldier boys are marching off
And no one wants a bride!

There come the volunteers
In patches and tatters and tags.
March on, fellows, don't stop here;
We girls all have our lads.

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FROM ALEPPO TO BAGDAD

BY LEOPOLD WEISS

From *Frankfurter Zeitung, July 27, August 3*
(LIBERAL DAILY)

THE yellow, hilly desert between Homs and Aleppo, whose hard surface, dotted with glittering quartz, scarcely affords nourishment for a few Bedouin goats, is interrupted here and there by what I should call desert paradises. These are oases; but not ordinary oases with a spring and a palm grove huddling in crowded luxuriance in some favored corner of nature's vast, barren solitude. Those are beautiful, indeed, but not what I should call desert paradises. The latter nestle between mountain walls contrasting so abruptly and surprisingly with the neighboring landscape that though they continue unmistakably the contours of the desert in whose lap they lie, and are physiographically as much akin to it as a nutshell is to the kernel it encloses, none the less they seem like something transported thither from another world.

Green meadows drape the valley-sides. Lines of white poplars mark the course of foaming mountain streams, and waist-deep lushy grasses carpet their banks. High-arched aqueducts, like those of Rome, only more slender and fragile and perpetually replenished by the ever-emptying buckets of great waterwheels propelled by the swift current, carry water to the thirsty fields. Flocks of small cattle and fat-tailed sheep, as agile and alert as wild animals, graze along the watercourses. The villages which crown the heights consist of mud houses shaped like pointed beehives. People are seldom visible; and the apparent solitude — plus the fact that a whole district can be compassed with a single sweep of the eye, that it clings like tapestry to the mountain-sides, and that every contour is restful, subdued, and graceful in contrast with the angular rigidity of the surrounding yellow peaks and precipices — produces the impression of a sort of fairy-land, of a separate and isolated effort of creation.

'What beauty without effort!' I repeated to myself as the train wound in and out among the valleys, granting brief glimpses of these vales of Arnheim. I called them desert paradises to myself and thought the invisible tenants of the yellow beehives I saw clustered among the shrubbery must have been set down in their garden homes by some special favor of Providence.

Aleppo. Centuries ago Genoese and Venetian merchants Italianized the Arabian name Haleb into Aleppo and imported the word in this form to Europe. But Haleb means in Arabic 'He milks' and refers to Abraham, whom the Arabians also honor as their great forefather. According to tradition, Abraham sojourned here for a period with his wandering herds and was accustomed to seat himself evenings before the gates of the city, which was already in existence but had another name, to milk his cattle and sheep.

To-day Aleppo is a busy and in its way a modern town, but memories of the shepherd age still cling to it. Every morning and evening cattle jostle through the streets. They are milked before the house doors, and the women of Aleppo carry away the milk in shal-

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low basins to their homes. Cowherds and shepherds wear linen smocks girdled with leather belts, and broad sandals, just as they did two thousand years ago. But though the pastoral atmosphere still lingers, the simple life of eld has long since vanished.

The numerous khans or caravansaries have lost their old importance, yet memories of their former significance as meeting-places for traders survive. Roomy courtyards are still filled with bales of goods; in the arched, pillared corridors and arcades wholesalers still have dusky offices; the shouting of muleteers and porters still echoes from their walls and shadowy recesses. Everywhere the calm, the deliberation of established, age-old custom reigns — a calm that envelops and subdues the visitor, no matter how eager and impatient he may be.

The bazaars are crowded with stern Bedouin figures, fresh from the unspoiled life of the desert. Tall men with severe flashing eyes sit in groups before the booths after they have made their purchases. They do not talk much — a word, a terse sentence spoken earnestly and heard attentively, seems to take the place of a long conversation. They wrap themselves in their broad striped mantles of brown and white and sit in silence. They pass a stranger with a reserved, childlike look — proud, modest, self-respecting. When I addressed them in Arabic their black eyes twinkled with humorous appreciation. They are not affected or exclusive; they are natural aristocrats, repelling familiarity but gracious and affable when tactfully approached.

The streets and buildings of Aleppo remind me of Jerusalem. But Jerusalem with its discordant chaos of religious and national controversies is much more complex and passionate. Here everything is quieter, more easy-going and tolerant. . . . The population has a strain of Turkish blood, although the Arab stock easily predominates. In the neighboring villages Turkish is generally spoken, and the proximity of the recently dominant race shows itself in the sympathies and antipathies that color public sentiment. The sympathies are mostly religious. Though the Arabs have no desire for a political reunion with Turkey, the independence movement in Syria has drawn them closer to their northern neighbor. Aleppo itself is in a very dubious situation and France's solicitude concerning it is well justified. The French place no confidence in Angora's formal renunciation of non-Turkish territory, for they know quite well that Aleppo lies not only in the economic, but also in the ethnographic, limits of Anatolia. The latter claim may be arguable, but no one questions that Aleppo belongs to Anatolia commercially. Its importance has always been due to its geographical situation, which makes it the most important trading-centre and warehousing-point on the old caravan road to Bagdad and India. Every caravan from Asia Minor or from Syria must pass through Aleppo. All the trade of Asia Minor centres in that city. It was predestined by nature to be the point where commerce between Europe, northeastern Africa, and Asia Minor focuses. European trading companies have made the city their headquarters for centuries. In no other place in Western Asia are the khans and warehouses so extensive.

When the Suez Canal was opened, and overland routes were deserted for cheaper and more convenient sea-ways, Aleppo languished. But a new era of prosperity seemed to dawn with the construction of the Bagdad Railway, and the city eagerly strove to recover her old position. Now the partition of the Osman Empire has again disappointed her hopes. Discordant inter-

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ests have battled furiously over the Bagdad Railway and destroyed its unity. Aleppo has been cut off by new political frontiers from both Anatolia and Mesopotamia; her present position is unnatural and insecure. This opens the way for the Turks to argue — unofficially, of course — that if Aleppo belonged to them she would again become a transfer point for trade between Europe and Arabia and Mesopotamia. That is what Turkey really wants.

But there is another side of the question. Assume that sooner or later the Arab countries are united and Syria and Mesopotamia are made one. In that case Aleppo might profit as the most westerly and perhaps the most important warehousing-point for trade between Europe and Syria, and India, Persia, and Mesopotamia.

The position of France as mandatory power in Syria is closely associated with that of England in Mesopotamia. Were Great Britain compelled to evacuate the latter country, France would be forced by the bitter hatred of the local population and the constant threat of Turkish intervention to relinquish sooner or later her political control over Syria. An independent Mesopotamia would so encourage the Syrian Arabs that an explosion would be sure to come. Already hatred for the French has spread even to the Christian Syrians, who at first looked upon the mandate as a powerful moral support.

We are riding in a little Ford through the Syrian desert. Sometimes the land is as smooth and level as an asphalt pavement and sometimes it is as bumpy as a rough sea as far as the eye can reach. We catch glimpses of the Euphrates on the left — a sluggish, silent river with low banks. It looks like a narrow lake until the motion of a piece of driftwood, a raft, or a boat betrays its powerful current. It is a broad, imperial river that makes no noise, dallies with no romantic scenery, neither roars nor murmurs, but proceeds majestically on its course, choosing its own winding way through the level desert. And the desert is as broad and open and calm and unromantic as the stream. A silvery shimmer hovers on the horizon. Clouds? They hang low and occasionally change color and position. At one time they look like gray or brownish mountain-peaks thrust aloft from shady pine forests, hanging in the air; then they sink and become lakes of bright sparkling water. Fata morgana! Stories of my childhood come back. The old-time terror of this desert phantom again thrills me, although I sit in our prosaic automobile rattling along at so many kilometres an hour careless of waterholes and camping-places. None the less, the desert phantom thrills me, for I can still conceive what it must have been to travel through this waterless waste with a slow, toiling caravan instead of our speedy motor-car.

Hours pass. We have days of travel ahead of us. A Bedouin sits in front with the chauffeur. He joined us on the way and will vanish in the pathless desert a few hours hence. The pastures of his tribe lie west of Deir-ez-Zor. He sits with his knees drawn high in front of him, and wears new red morocco shoes that he doubtless bought a day or two ago in the Aleppo bazaar. His face is young, thin, and birdlike, the type that always stares intently straight ahead.

Occasionally we pass camel-riders looking as if they had dropped down from nowhere. They stop and gaze after us a moment, then force their camels into the short rocking trot that makes a rider sway like a sailor on a tossing deck.

We have been going four hours, five hours, seven hours, making short stops

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at the khans that break the monotony of the desert at long intervals. The soil is sand packed hard by the wind, interrupted by stretches of fine gravel, and here and there a little sparse herbage or a thorny bush. A line of hills appears on the right, bold, rugged, crowned with weathered limestone. They shut off the endless desert beyond. What lies back of their low declivities? I know perfectly well it is merely the same flat or rolling waste, the same sand, the same beds of fine gravel glistening in the glaring sun that we see around us. None the less, the hills lend a touch of mystery to the landscape, a suggestion of the unknown.

Again the Euphrates comes in sight — a broad, flat stream in a canal-like channel. Along its reedy banks runs a narrow ribbon of vegetation, two or three hundred yards broad, of tall grass and low bushes with here and there a palm. But on either hand is the desert. The dividing line is as abrupt as if drawn by man.

We follow a scarcely visible trail. The chauffeur is an Armenian from Aleppo and apparently does not know what fatigue is. We keep on and on, invariably at the same speed, seven hours, eight hours, nine hours.

Just on the edge of dusk we begin to ascend the stony hills. Our automobile chugs violently, bumps over limestone boulders, skims the edge of steep declivities. Ten hours! The chauffeur bends lower over the steering-wheel. Is his hand perfectly steady? He wants to reach Deir-ez-Zor by nightfall. His eyes glow with irritation. We stop. The engine is overheated. He pours water from our canvas water-bag into the radiator and we start again. Darkness is gathering rapidly. We negotiate sharp curves; spectre-like cliffs seem about to bar our way. Swallows flitter past us, gray in the gray dusk. We can hardly distinguish them, although they pass almost within reach. I keep my eyes fixed upon the road and the hands of the chauffeur. So do the other Europeans. The Bedouin stares indifferently ahead, swinging one of his red-booted feet over his crossed knee, and smokes long cigarettes.

A violent bump and a quick turn of the wheel bring us to a sudden halt against the mountainside. An inch or so more to the left and we should have plunged into a hole, not deep, to be sure, but with sharp, jagged rocks at the bottom. The motor gasps like a living being. I discover in my pocket a cake of chocolate softened by the desert sun, and give it to the chauffeur, who is tinkering with shaking fingers at his motor.

Eleven hours. Night and a starry heaven. The mountains are yellow, but only visible in their general outlines. Every minute now they seem to block our path, but at the last moment an opening appears ahead.

At length we reach a plateau. Here the road is graded almost like a European highway. It looks so civilized in the glare of our headlights that we sink back in our seats in comfort. At length, far ahead, we distinguish lights. Deir-ez-Zor, the lonely desert town, receives us with a welcome burst of radiance as we plunge into a bright street with a wall of houses on either side.

On the third day after leaving Aleppo we reach Hit, a little town on the Euphrates, where the caravan route to Damascus for the first time leaves the desert and touches the river. As I gaze at the town against the sunset sky, it looks like a lofty citadel with walls and bastions. It is gray and self-contained. Its buildings, grouped along the edge of a height, form a continuous wall with scarcely any windows except tiny openings like loopholes. A minaret rises from the centre. Perhaps the town was built this way in olden times for defense

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against the Bedouins; but as I gaze at it, it seems spectral and unreal.

At length, on the fourth day of our desert journey, we sight the long oasis line of Bagdad. The golden dome of a mosque and a minaret glisten in the centre of a palm grove. A long avenue of palms tempers for a while the burning heat of the sun. We cross the Tigris over a shaky bridge crowded with pedestrians, horsemen, carts, Arabs, Indians, and Persians. The Tigris is different from the Euphrates. Greenish and slimy, sluggish and gurgling, it seems like an exotic foreigner after the majestic repose and dignity of its companion river.

Bagdad retains nothing of her old pomp and magnificence. The Tatar invasions of the Middle Ages and the constant warfare with the Persians have laid the city in ruins so many times that nothing remains to recall the old capital of the Caliphs. Modern Bagdad is a commercial town, an Arab city of brick buildings, which seem like provisional structures erected in anticipation of a possible change. The perpetual heat of the Persian Gulf rests heavily on the place. People walk slowly and indolently through the streets. They are Arabs of an alien stock, apparently mixed with other races, and phlegmatic and dull. A person cannot like them because, though they are Arabs, yet they have nothing of the beauty and stateliness of other Arabs. Their faces are ugly and scowling. Their bodies are angular and graceless in their long robes. They wear black-and-white kaffiyehs. Whenever I saw a handsome Arab face it was invariably under a bright-colored, red or red-and-white headcloth, indicating that the man was not a native but a visitor from the desert — from Syria or Central Arabia.

And yet these men convey an impression of power — the power of hatred. A European feels this hatred almost as if it were a blast against his face. The people hate England and identify England with all Europe. A burning desire for freedom has become an obsession. Perhaps it is this obsession that gives the people their glowering, scowling faces.

Hatred and heat! The heat is never broken; evening does not cool the air, which retains its dull, throbbing torridity until a new sun floods the street like incandescent metal. The people sleep on the roofs. Until late at night a shrill joyless music makes rest impossible.

I was in the big bazaar making a purchase when I suddenly heard a wild cry from one of the dimly lighted, sheltered passages. A moment later a man rushed past, followed by a second and a third. There was a sound of clattering hoofs, a mounted man charged past, his face distorted with terror. Little knots of people, running as if for their lives, followed him. They came from all directions and were joined by the bystanders. A cart, still half filled with goods, drove by with the horses at a gallop. Here and there a shrill shriek rose where someone fell or a child was trodden upon.

What had happened? No answer. Pale faces everywhere. The traders were putting up their shutters with desperate haste. Somewhere in the distance I heard the smash of crockery. Then followed a moment of utter silence — just as before an earthquake — broken only by the distant footsteps of a running man, the call of a woman, or the panic-stricken crying of a child.

Far away, very far away I heard the hum of shouting men and a rattling sound as if someone were throwing dry beans on the ground. Machine-guns! Revolt! A Bagdad riot! The people desperately resisting the friendship of a great European Power!

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GRIEVOUSLY VEXED

BY CHRIS SEWELL

From the *English Review, August*
(London Conservative Monthly)

People often say to me, 'Oh, Miss Parviss, you *must* have had psychic experiences! You 've got just the eyes that see things — you have really.'

Once at a Christmas party at the Baldwins', when they turned down the gas and pretended to tell ghost stories, Nancy Baldwin's married sister from Dublin seized hold of my elbow. 'Miss Judith,' she whispered, 'you could make us creep and shiver if you only would. You 're so *remote*. You know heaps that we don't.'

But they 're wrong. At least, I think they are. All our family, except Carrie, have no-colorish eyes like mine, and a calm holding-in manner; but we 've never, so far as I know, seen anything worse than our own reflections.

Curiously enough, the only symptom of mystery that ever came my way concerned Carrie herself. Carrie was n't remote. Good gracious! She 'd have made friends with a rhinoceros if he 'd let her, and her thoughts went darting about in her face like goldfish in a pool. Mother had died when she was born, as if the effort of bringing a real beauty into the world after us three plain ones was too much for her. And Carrie's beauty, I'm bound to say, went right through — soaked into her, so to speak.

When young Herriot came back from India after five years, and shot over our farm with his father, he said, 'Carrie has n't altered a scrap. I believe she 'd coddle a *kariat* if she thought it had tummy-ache.' A kariat is a nastyish snake they have out there, and his chaff just meant that the twenty-year-old girl could no more bear to see anything hurt than the fifteen-year-old flapper who used to tear about the fields with him. Every animal on the farm down to the smallest duckling was Carrie's pet. She never touched meat for all she looked so bonny; and she was just as 'mothery' and loving to her family, though she was the youngest — nursing us day and night if we needed it, and making peace in all our borders, as old Mr. Jey, the Rector, used to say. He 'd christened and prepared her for Confirmation, and always declared she was one of the lesser saints, and ought to be beatified or sanctified, or whatever they do.

She made nothing of battling up to the Rectory through sleet on a December night, if she knew the old gentleman had one of his headaches, to see if she could run any messages for him. I well remember his saying to me as we came out of Sunday School one afternoon, — Carrie was walking on ahead like the Pied Piper in petticoats with the children dangling after her, — 'Judith, someone we won't specify must find your little sister a hard nut to crack — I never can discover a weak place in her armor myself!'

And honestly I don't believe she had one. The Rector had just gone off for his summer holiday, I remember, when Hector Torrance appeared on the scene. He was an artist. They 're not uncommon with us, for our Wye scenery entices them, especially in the

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spring. Dad discovered him painting Rundle's Mill and, being one of the hospitable sort, brought him in to tea. After that he was made free of The Pollards and came in whenever he liked, which was often. I took a turn against him right off; yes, I did, though the others simply raved about his looks and cleverness, and got maudlin about him because he said he was alone in the world.

But I 'm like that sometimes. Perhaps it 's why my eyes were made a bit prominent — to see farther into people than ordinary eyes. I could n't pick out what offended me exactly — Mr. Torrance's manners were perfect — but it was something about the curve of his upper lip. Straight it was, with a little sneer at one corner; and the way he stroked Flurry, our Aberdeen, put my back up. Williejohn was quite annoyed with me and declared I was getting old-maidish and put out prickles when new folk were about. Perhaps I did; and anyway I never cared greatly for men, but I can read little signs on their faces as clearly as I can read print, if that 's what they call being psychic. And I knew for certain that people who gloated in torture chambers or turned thumbscrews in Inquisition times had upper lips like Hector Torrance.

And once I was near him when a hare which the beagles had been coursing died on our lawn. It was pitiful — its struggles and shrieking, and the poor, weak, frightened head turned this way and that as if it were looking for one friend. Carrie was n't there, thank God! but Hector Torrance was, and he *liked* it — not the excitement or the shouting, but the pain. Why even Dad, who was no more squeamish than most farmers, said it was loathsome and made him sick; and Hector pretended to agree with him. But he could n't deceive me.

He always ran up to London for the week-end, but all that summer, from Monday till Saturday, he was constantly in and out of The Pollards; and it was soon as plain as a rook's nest in December that he came after Carrie. I will be fair. I think from the first she had a fascination for him far beyond the ordinary fascination of a pretty girl for a man.

Often on hot evenings, when the six of us were sitting at the edge of the big zinnia bed with our backs to the plantation, he would let his clasped hands fall between his knees and watch her — just watch her. I cannot tell you why his expression as he did so brought to my mind the Bible king who refused to go into battle without counting the cost, — you wouldn't connect Hector Torrance with the Bible, as a rule, — but so it did. It seemed to me that he found something — I can't just express it — but something *obstructive* in Carrie — something that he 'd have to fight a way through with gimlets and iron bars. I have often wondered since how far she was in love with him, and how far he hypnotized and mesmerized and compelled her to be. That he meant to marry her from the moment he set eyes on her I have not the slightest doubt.

Very soon it seemed that events were chasing each other in a whirl, as you may say — making you giddy.

To begin with, Hector and Carrie got engaged with the full consent of Dad — glamoured, Dad was, or he 'd have made more inquiries about his future son-in-law — and good-natured chaffing from the others.

'Can't you wish me happiness, Judy, dear?' Carrie said on the night it was announced, sort of pleading with me. I was sitting on the edge of my bed — we shared a room — kicking off my slippers, and she came and sat beside me and put an arm round my shoulder.

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'I can *wish* it you, dearie,' I said, 'and I do' — I stopped, and she drew in her breath very quickly.

'But you don't think I 'll get it?'

And I did n't answer, but got up and began to brush my hair.

Then the whole affair of the wedding was so unaccountable. It makes my head swim sometimes when I try to sort it out and ask myself why on earth we allowed it all as meekly as we did. It was the first chance of such a thing we 'd had, and naturally, in a village like ours, where there had been Parvisses at The Pollards for three hundred years, there should have been a bit of a kick-up — the school-children throwing flowers and the farm hands to supper in the barn. People *expect* it.

Mind you, I was to blame. I ought to have taken matters in hand long before I did and begun preparations. I was the housekeeper and the eldest. Perhaps instinctively I always hoped it might be broken off. And then Aunt Lucy Bolt wanted Carrie up at Highgate to help her to settle into a house, and that dawdled away a month; and suddenly one evening, just as I was saying we must wake up and take a day at Monmouth choosing the trousseau, Carrie burst into an hysterical little laugh and then into tears, and told us she 'd been married in London at a Registry Office quite unbeknown even to Aunt Lucy Bolt.

They were all in the room at the time — Dad, Amy, Williejohn — and, my word, it *was* a bomb. If it had been anyone but Carrie, as Dad said when he could speak, people might have chattered; but Carrie was like — was it Cæsar's wife? — in that way, and besides everyone knew they 'd only anticipated matters by a few weeks. It seemed that Hector detested what he called 'displays,' and he 'd talked Carrie over, trusting to his own wheedling way to get round Dad later on.

He came in the next morning, very repentant and handsome, and brought the certificate with him, and was all apologies and blarney. He hated the notion, he said, of a lot of clacking women who thought of a sacrament only in terms of chiffon and satin. He said it was indecent. By the time he 'd done talking and showing his awfully good teeth, the others began to think he was right. But I 'm obstinate, I suppose, for I stuck to my point.

'You might have had it in a church, anyway,' I said. 'No Parviss has ever been married hole and corner like that before.'

And then he looked at me beseechingly with his black eyes.

'You 're quite right, Judith,' he said; 'we ought. If you 'd only been there now — '

And that made them rather laugh at me. I could see they were all coming round to think weddings were a nuisance.

At last Dad decided that we wouldn't tell the villagers any particulars, but merely say they 'd been married quietly in London because they both disliked a fuss.

Well, at the end of the summer he took her to his flat in West Norwood, where he taught in some art school and painted pictures between whiles; and we did n't see her for three months.

And then she came down for Christmas and he came with her. She was very well dressed — much better than she 'd been at home. And just as devoted and unselfish as ever. But it always seemed to me, if she came up and kissed me on the hop, as she had a habit of doing, that her kisses were different — sort of desperate and clinging, like kisses on a scaffold.

Hector seemed absolutely wrapped up in her — hardly letting her out of his sight, and she was very gentle with him.

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And yet — I knew her so well, you see, sharing rooms and all — and I was as positive as I am that I 've hair on my head and nails at my finger ends that somewhere, or somehow, she 'd come up against Fear — not the ordinary kind that comes over you in waves now and again, but something abominable, that never lets you rest. And she was always pulling away from it. When Amy suggested going back with them for a week, Carrie put her off. Laughing she was, but I know she did n't want any of us. She said that they were so cramped in their little flat at present, with Hector taking up the only big room for his studio, that Amy must wait till they could get the house at Hampstead they had promised themselves. But really, in her soul, she was hoping she 'd be dead before that house was taken — I knew it, and she knew that I did. It had always been difficult for us to deceive each other.

Except for these feelings and intuitions, you understand, there was really nothing to lay hold of. Maybe too I was a bit jumpy, for we 'd had an unlucky summer with some cattle-maiming which we never traced, and Carrie's engagement had monopolized her so that we quarreled more among ourselves than usual; and that, of course, is worrying.

And then the night before Carrie and Hector went back to London I slipped out about eight to take a custard pudding to poor old Jesse Stagg in Barn Lane. I had to skirt the churchyard wall, and there was snow on the ground which muffled my footfalls down to nothing, though I believe I always step rather softly.

I was almost abreast of the lych gate on my way back when I heard a sound — a low, sneering, throaty sound — like the giggle of a lunatic who has just done something indescribably beastly. It came from beyond the yew tree which leans over old Squire Herriot's vault.

I can't tell you how loathsome it was! Sometimes, when I 'm run down or too much alone, I hear it still. A sound can mean so much, can't it? I stopped as if someone had tugged at my skirts from behind, but it was n't repeated. I drew sharply back into the shadow of the big cypress, and waited — almost choking with the banging of my heart — for something awful to happen.

Nothing did.

Only Hector Torrance came walking out of the gate, very upright and good-looking in the glint of the moonlight.

When you come to think of it, why should n't he? He knew people in the village, and he might have been doing a hundred and one things.

I did n't try to catch him up or speak to him about it, but that night at supper I could not help looking at that upper lip of his; and I noticed for the first time that he had a trick of spreading out the fingers of his left hand very slowly and crumpling them in again, as if — but that 's silly, of course.

When Carrie gave us all farewell hugs the next morning it was exactly as if she were saying, 'At your service, jailor,' on the steps of the guillotine — or I imagined it was.

Well, they just paid flying visits like that till the end. Hector always seemed the perfect lover, but always I realized that Carrie was being besieged in the very soul of her, and was holding out — holding out — always holding out, though I 'm not at all sure that she knew it.

Once when I was dreaming about her, as I often did — for I worried a good bit — she was Kate Barlass with her arm across a door, and behind that door I knew there were — things too shocking even to think about.

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I awoke soaked with perspiration, saying, quite aloud: 'But when her arm breaks —?'

I spoke, did n't I, about Hector and Carrie coming down at intervals until the end? The end, I must tell you, came like a streak of lightning one March morning.

They 'd been married just seven months when we had to wire for Carrie to come to poor Dad's deathbed; and Hector came with her, of course, though I hoped he would n't, and watched Dad's last agony with the fingers of his left hand spreading out and curling, and the same veiled look on his face as there had been when the coursed hare died. I was the only one who noticed it, and I began to think I must be a wicked woman.

On the day of the funeral he had a very bad sick headache and could not attend, and for the first time it struck me with a sort of rush that I 'd never seen him inside a church at all — ever.

He was driving Carrie back the next day in a new two-seater car which they 'd bought, when a tire burst just outside the village by the first clump of firs on the Hopham road. Hector was killed outright, and they thought at first that Carrie was dead. They brought her back to the farm looking worse than he. You can imagine what we felt like, this coming only four days after poor Dad and all.

She lay unconscious for nearly a week; but she did not die, and when she recovered she went ahead quickly. Almost at once we were able to tell her about Hector, and she was very quiet and brave and bore it magnificently. And soon she began to go about in the ordinary way. She never spoke about him — never even asked to see his grave.

I can't recollect when I first noticed the difference in her. Tiny little signs had worried me since she regained consciousness, but I put them away from me. The day she came downstairs, I fancy it was, that I could n't deceive myself any longer.

I looked up suddenly from my sewing — I was sitting opposite her, and I caught her eyes fixed on me.

They had the same expression of finding something obstructive that I had seen in Hector's eyes when he used to sit by the zinnia bed, and her upper lip was flattened down with a slight sneer at the corner of it.

For the moment she was a total stranger to me.

I went very cold and my spine tickled; I pretended the fire wanted mending and stooped down to do it. When I looked up it was Carrie again with nothing odd about her.

She was very anxious to share my bedroom as she used to do; but when she suggested it I found that the notion scared me so horribly that I knew, wherever she slept, I should bar and bolt my door to make sure she was outside.

Was n't it awful? And *Carrie* of all people!

Even Williejohn noticed something amiss, though he only thought she had lost her looks a bit and was quieter.

He put it down to shock, which was quite enough to account for anything; and when he found poor little Flurry by the duck pond with his throat cut he said we 'd better not tell Carrie, but pretend he 'd just strayed away.

Unfortunately I 'd surprised her washing her hands the very same morning. She said she 'd been for a stroll in the woods and cut the palm of her right hand with a stone as she tried to pull up a fern. Perhaps she had. I wish I had n't been so anxious to find the scar. I did n't find it.

A little later on she ran up to London and sold off her furniture and settled down just as if she 'd never married at all.

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She took to visiting in the village again, but I very soon realized she must not do that. She *frightened* the people — Carrie, to whom every door and every heart used to be thrown wide. I went with her to see little Mrs. Underwood's youngest boy. He was fearfully ill with pneumonia. Carrie stood looking down at his struggles for breath very pitifully, but as I stood beside her I felt a gentle touch on my thigh. It was the fingers of her left hand. They were spreading and curling — spreading and curling — as if — I don't think she was aware she 'd touched me.

There were other things too; but you 'd think me silly if I told you.

At last I thought I must be going mad to let such ideas as I had come within a mile of me — *Carrie*, you know!

And then two of our best cart-horse colts died in a morning — poisoned, the veterinary thought, and that settled me: I put on my hat and ran, literally ran, up to the Rectory.

The Reverend Mr. Jey had come every day to inquire when Carrie was ill, though she always made some excuse and would never see him.

Quite out of breath I was when I arrived, but I took no notice of his 'Sit down, my dear.'

I told him several things right off as we stood facing one another in his little square study crammed with books. We were both as white as curds before I 'd done.

'Judith,' he said, after a silence which seemed to cut clean into me, and he pushed his spectacles to his forehead as he always did when really upset; 'I 've *heard* of such things, and I 'm too old to disbelieve the impossible.'

He wheeled round at the bookshelves and ran his finger quickly along the backs of the books. He was a great scholar.

'I thought so,' he muttered to himself; 'here it is. It 's a very ancient service. The R.C.'s use it — God knows if — Look here, can you get her into the church, say, to-morrow at ten?'

'I don't think so,' I said, 'but I 'll try.'

Then he wrung my hand, and I did n't speak, because I could n't, but sort of stumbled away home.

I *did* get Carrie into the church. I pretended that the village would be talking if she did n't go and look at her husband's grave.

But we never reached the grave. When we were passing the church porch I took her by the shoulders and pushed her in. I was always the stronger of the two — and desperation had made me a Samson.

The Rector was there, already robed, and dry about the lips, and he began at once — while I held her.

I don't think I can tell you about it. Some things happen, and you dare your mind ever to dwell on them again. If they come back to you in the night you just get up and light a candle — and read a bit. Well, it was like that!

Her *screams!* It was as though an old hag who 'd lived for a hundred vile years was being burned at the stake. I never knew how we had the courage to go on; but we both loved her, you see. By and by she sank down and fell into a sleep — just as people do after a bad fit. We cushioned up her head and I covered her with my coat, and for an hour we watched there, clutching each other's hands and shaking like leaves. Once I had to go out into the churchyard, where I was most fearfully sick.

We had some awful bad moments when we thought her breathing had stopped; but the Rector knew about pulses, and he promised me she was not dying. And at last she woke up.

My word, talk about hearts bursting through ribs — I thought mine had

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and was rattling about loose under my skin somewhere.

But from the moment her eyes were properly open we knew it was our very own Carrie come back.

You could no more have doubted it than you could doubt the roof of the church overhead.

And until her death — she only lived to be thirty-five — she remained as though that ghastly marriage had never been.

And, of course, you can explain every bit of it away as shock and hysteria, and so on — if you like.

Williejohn and Amy did.

A NETHERLANDS IMPRESSION

BY CARL FRIEDRICH WIEGAND

From *Frankfurter Zeitung, July 24*
(LIBERAL DAILY)

[THE author is a well-known German critic and novelist.]

AMSTERDAM is a warehouse and a countingroom, a commercial city that cannot change overnight. Her canals looked about the same two centuries ago as they do to-day. Other towns tear down streets and quarters and rebuild them on a modern plan, so that the whole aspect of a place is revolutionized in a comparatively short time. But that is almost impossible here, when every square yard of dry land must be laboriously won from the bottomless marsh. Whenever a new street was laid out, a new canal was dug at the same time. Another reason why Amsterdam does not change is that it has always used the same structural materials. All Netherlands cities are built of brick, usually unadorned, but often painted. Sandstone is seldom employed except for sills and decoration, because it cannot resist the climate. Indeed the sandstone ornament, of the great churches are weathered until their design has become almost unrecognizable, while painted brick has resisted the elements intact.

Germans often imagine that the pine logs they see in great rafts floating down the Rhine are used for timbering houses in Holland; but most of them serve as piles to support foundations. When a house is torn down one gets a glimpse of a condition that must be universal in Amsterdam — he sees a black, soft, oily, peaty mass, from which emerge the rotton stumps of ancient piles. Naturally an Amsterdam building must not be heavy. The Royal Palace on the Dam, the only large sandstone building in the city, is supported by 13,659 pine piles. I said at the beginning that Amsterdam is a great storehouse. Business buildings are externally identical with residences; even an Amsterdam warehouse looks like a dwelling.

Amsterdam's wealth and industry are imposing. No man realizes when he crosses the Keizers Gracht what a store of comforts and riches lies hidden behind its unassuming, big-windowed,

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painted brick façades. Everywhere else prosperous business puts its best foot forward to the world. Here I have seen banks housed in basements, and great overseas trading corporations — for instance, some of the largest Netherlands Indian tobacco companies — housed in a building in no wise different from those occupied by individual families. Only in Neustadt do the newer brick structures assume a slightly different aspect — they are two or three stories higher and every tenant has a so-called balcony. When I said that the appearance of Amsterdam has not changed for centuries I naturally did not mean to include the suburbs.

A person who cannot appreciate the beauty of old cities should not visit Holland. But he who can appreciate and love that beauty will feel six generations younger as he walks the streets of Amsterdam. He will listen to the faint echoes of sailors' songs borne on the wind to the accompaniment of chimes in ancient, gull-encircled towers, and he will stare with open-mouthed wonder, like a peasant from Immendingen or Gundelfinden, at her great ships, or at the elaborate funeral processions that pass down her streets.

One of the pleasantest excursions from Amsterdam, especially for a person with limited time who wants to learn something of the more intimate beauties of old Holland, is a steamer ride to Zaandam and Wormerveer. It is not necessary to consult a time-table. Crossing the Ruyterkade from the Central Railway Station, one will always find, crowded in among East Indian liners, ferryboats, tugboats, motor barges, scows, pilot boats, police boats, and fire boats, a steamer just departing for Zaandam. It may be a palatial, many-decked affair or some little local craft that stops at every landing. Along the Y he will pass in review, so to speak, the whole commerce and industry of Holland. From the Y his steamer enters the North Sea Canal, which runs straight from Amsterdam to the outer harbor, Ymuiden, past a long line of wharves, dredgers, and dry docks.

Nothing else gives me such an impression of homelessness as a great harbor, with its exotic merchandise, its foreign smells, and its cold wind. Before we turn northeast toward Zaandam and leave the North Sea Canal we witness the spectacle of the great steel railway bridge that crosses this broad waterway turning upon its middle pier to let a huge ocean liner pass. There are bridges and locks in every direction — Amsterdam has four hundred bridges, and the saying is that Zaandyk has as many bridges as it has houses.

Zaandam is an aquatic city. Gayly painted cottages, mostly of wood and built on piles either directly over the water or at its very edge, line the bank of the Zaan from Zaandam past Koog and Zaandyk as far as Wormerveer. We take the route toward Alkmaar.

A man who prides himself chiefly upon having ascended the Matterhorn should not come to the Netherlands. All he will find here is a perfectly flat plain suggesting the idea of infinity. The windmills and dwellings bear the dates of former centuries. The substratum of the impression the landscape leaves is: Here lies an ancient world entirely strange to you. The numerous steamers, big and little, do not qualify this impression, for they likewise wear a worn and weathered look, as if they too were survivors of former centuries. No one can describe adequately the cozy, picturesque, disorderly, colorful confusion of the Zaan's shore line by counting the rows of fluttering garments drying on ships and roofs, the gulls circling in the wind, the white, red, brown, and black windmill sails,

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the countless craft of every model and design that crowd the water — only the painter's brush can meagrely reproduce the fullness of its inexhaustible variety.

A person who has a whole day at his disposal should take a sail upon the Zuider Zee — but not on board a steamer. The fishermen of Volendam or Marken, returning home from the fish market in Amsterdam, are glad to pick up a little money by taking an extra fare. The older and smaller the fisherman's boat, the more gorgeous and ornate are the letters with which her name is painted on her bow or stern. Not that these names are as dignified and imposing as those of great ocean packets! The little wooden sailing craft that ply along the canals and on the Zuider Zee are as unpretentious in their names as in their appearance. I read upon the stern of a Volendam boat *Eindelyk terug* — 'Back at last' — an expression that any seafaring man will understand. Contrasting with this, I saw a jolly young fellow with a tanned face steering as motionless as a statue a brown-sailed pinky that rejoiced in the name, *Beter buiten als binnen*, which might be translated: 'Better away than at home.' Fatherly pride is suggested by the name, *Myn jonge Dirk*. Many of the boats bear only the name of their port with a number on the sail or on the bow.

A fresh wind seizes our canvas before we leave our mooring. Almost the moment that the iron gates of the great lock at Schellingwoude are opened the wind lays our little boat over on her beam and we fairly fly into the open water. In this flat country there is nothing to check the free sweep of the breeze. Soon we are in the midst of the Zuider Zee fishing fleet, surrounded by a forest of triangular sails, all nodding and bowing to the white-crested waves. Spray dashes over our heads. We seek a moment's protection in the tidy little forecastle which serves as the fisherman's cabin, where we listen to the hammering of the water against the planking. Naturally this cabin has a stove, a diminutive copy of those you see in every Hollander's cottage. I catch a glimpse through a sliding bulkhead door of another even tinier compartment forward, containing a bunk covered with a clean woolen blanket, which it would be necessary to go down on all fours to reach.

Soon we were out again in the keen wind. In the harbor of Marken there must have been a hundred fishing boats moored in a row. As one gazes at these staunch, freshly painted craft of sturdy oak he thinks it must be a comfort to have them there when a great storm drives the water like a tossing mill-race through the piles beneath the cottages. The hazards of life are consciously present here. To be safe and sound is an ever-renewed gift of Providence to fishermen. I noticed that after the fisher wives of Marken had shown me proudly their comfortable homes, their stoves, their porcelain wall-plates, their colored finery, their handsome old wardrobes and furniture, and last of all their family Bible, they referred with a sigh of thankfulness to the hale old age that their husband, their father, or their uncle had attained. In spite of the constant threat that the sea holds over it, this island impressed me as well-to-do. In fact, it seems to enjoy a higher standard of living than the fishing villages on the mainland. The people may have been made a little vain and self-conscious by the constant stream of tourists that visit them, but they remain at heart a wholesome, vigorous, friendly race, even though they have acquired all the business shrewdness of their city cousins.

We prepare to return as evening draws near. A thousand memories of

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those valiant heroes of the sea who won for Holland her liberty from Spain throng to my memory as we bend our course homeward. A red glow hugs the horizon. Is it a ship burning in the distance? Is Alva's torch again abroad ravaging Holland's riches? No, it is only a Netherlands sunset brilliant with gold and fire, where light and sea mist mingle in a glory of departing radiance.

Amsterdam appears far ahead of us, a fine silhouette just distinguishable above the low horizon. A heavy cloud-bank hovers over her numerous towers and turns gray the water in the distant foreground. A sea bird sweeps down from above, his plumage alternately silver and golden in the sun's evening rays, and vanishes in the dissolving reflections of the sea. The afterglow that plays with changing hues across the water is repeated in the eastern sky as if a second sunset were occurring there. The breeze grows cooler, the sea turns slowly green, and then fades into a steely, wintry gray. For a moment our boat seems to be gliding over a silver mirror, but the glassy radiance speedily grows dim, and we are left in chill, misty darkness. Yet a faint suggestion of evening red still lingers over Amsterdam.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE

BY FRANCES CORNFORD

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

THE stacks, like blunt impassive temples, rise
Across flat fields against the autumnal skies.
The hairy-hoovèd horses plough the land,
Or, as in prayer and meditation, stand
Upholding square, primeval, dung-stained carts
With a monotonous patience in their hearts.

Nothing is changed. The farmer's gig goes by
Against the horizon. Surely, the same sky —
So vast, and yet familiar, gray and mild,
And streaked with light like music —I, a child,
Lifted my face from leaf-edged lanes, to see,
Late-coming home, for bread-and-butter tea.

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INDIA'S SONG OF FREEDOM

BY ST. NIHAL SINGH

From the *Irish Statesman, August* 16
(DUBLIN FREE STATE WEEKLY)

ONE morning in 1922 I was going from Lahore to Peshawar — on the edge of India's North-West Frontier. The train carrying me stopped at a small station to let down passengers and to take on new ones — and incidentally to allow the thirsty locomotive to fill its tank. The strains of a song sung by someone on the platform almost in front of my compartment woke me out of a light slumber.

Upon throwing the window open, the better to see and to catch the words, I found that a large crowd had gathered round a lad of twelve or fourteen years of age, who wore on his head the black turban which the Sikhs aggrieved with the Government have adopted as a badge of mourning. He held a great sheaf of leaflets, printed in Gurmukhi and Urdu, one of which lay open in his hand. His voice was sweet, he had a magnetic personality, and, for so small a boy, was wonderfully self-possessed.

As soon as the lad came to the refrain, I found, however, that he hardly needed a musical voice to hold his audience spellbound; for concentrated in his words was the fire of patriotism which burst into flame as a sequel to the reign of terror which marked the end of the O'Dwyer régime. It ran: —

Within the Jallianwala Garden
The butchers made the drains run red with blood.
They slaughtered our people without count.
Who is there to hear my cry?

Because Dwyer committed great tyrannies,
He is beloved of the Government of India.
A handsome pension has been given to him.
Who is there to hear my cry?

I have searched everywhere,
But there is no justice to be had here.
The rulers have become more haughty than ever.
Who is there to hear my cry?

If Thou art the true Master of this world,
Wreak revenge upon them for shedding our blood —
Upon those who fired bullets at poor, innocent persons.
Who is there to hear my cry?

O God! We cry unto Thee.
These tyrants have become unendurable.
Quickly send us a savior!
Who is there to hear my cry?

The modern Indian versifier has discovered that there is something in human nature which finds a clash between two persons or two nations irresistibly interesting. India to-day is, therefore, flooded with songs such as the one I heard the little Sikh lad singing on the railway platform.

Some of them have penetrated into the inmost recesses of the zenana. One evening after dinner, as I lay reclining upon a couch in the home of a friend whom I was visiting, his wife brought out a harmonium, and producing a packet of leaflets printed in Urdu, such as the little boy had been selling at the railway station, improvised tunes and sang to us song after song which would stir the soul of the most unpatriotic Indian. One of them ran: —

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The sceptres snatched away from the Sikhs and Mughals
We shall regain.
We shall gain the Commander-in-Chiefship of our Army.
We shall be Lieutenants in our Army, and also Colonels, Viceroys, Officers Commanding, and Generals.
We shall not bend our necks to the Union Jack.
We shall give up our lives rather than bear that disgrace.

We shall not enter the legislature set up by foreign rulers.
We shall not shake their bloodstained hands.
We shall not adorn our bodies with the foreigner's medals,
Nor shall we disgrace ourselves by becoming *Rai Bahadurs*.
Neither handcuffs nor chains shall daunt us,
Nor solitary imprisonment, nor exile.

We shall not ask in durbars for home rule,
But we shall win the fight within the jail walls.

By some sure instinct the people have come to realize that the fundamental clash between India and Britain is economic, and that the political agency has merely been used to establish the dominance of British finance, industry, and commerce over India. That consciousness has driven India to burn clothes made of muslin imported from Lancashire, and replace them with those made of khaddar, or handmade cloth. Innumerable, therefore, are the songs in which people are exhorted to patronize home manufactures — and to be entirely self-sufficing. One of them reads: —

It is our wish that even after death
We shall behave like Indians.
Death would give us happiness
If our shroud were made of homespun.

Our language must be Indian, our talk Indian.
The foreign lamp [education], which sheds a false light, must be broken.
We should pray that the light of union will make us Indians.

We must throw away coat, collar, necktie, and 'Dawson's boots.'
Our clothes must be Indian, and cut according to Indian patterns.
Whence has come the motor-car, soda, lemonade, and biscuits?
Our phaetons must be Indian, and so must be our way of enjoyment.

The following stanza from a similar song breathes the spirit of unity which is fast becoming the keynote of Indian life: —

Hindus and Muslims, by becoming brothers,
Must continue to fight the spiritual battle.
Sing victory to Gandhi
And never wear foreign cloth!

One evening, as I walked in the gloaming in a town in the Punjab, I heard a man singing. A little later, another joined in the chorus. I knew not who they were — but I knew, from the words of their song, that they were inspired by the love of the motherland. This was the duet they rendered: —

Amar Singh says:
I shall die for the sake of my country,
And my name shall be writ on the martyr's list.
I shall wake up sleepy Ind,
And then I shall feel very happy.
I love this country of mine!

Labh Singh questions:
Why do you wish to die for your country?
Why must you destroy yourself?
By whom do you want to be called a martyr?
Why do you want to wake up sleepy Ind?
Why is your country dear to you?

Amar Singh replies:
When we die for our country,
Then we enter the house of the True One.

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The fear of devils does not daunt us.
By swimming we keep others from drowning.
For this reason my country is dear to me.

These songs are endless in variety. Some are sad and plaintive — dwelling upon the disabilities under which Indians labor. Others are fiery in spirit — filled with determination to shatter the fetters which shackle them. A few are humorous — containing witty sallies. Here is one belonging to the last category — supposed to be a plaint addressed by a Briton in India to his Maker: —

The ways of Indians have changed.
They have become tired of us.
They have hardened their hearts against us.
They have started a spiritual fight with us.
Nobody hears our tale.
My Lord! All the starch has been taken out of us!

These people are unafraid,
No matter how soundly they are caned.
We have very carefully noted this fact.
From our heart have disappeared contentment and happiness.
Neither through diplomacy nor through love can we make these people cooperate with us.
What can I tell you of what is happening to us?
O my Lord! the starch has been taken out of us!

The men who write most of these songs are unknown. So long as the words are 'catchy,' no one cares who their author is. They are being produced in such profusion that a song which to-day is highly popular is likely to be entirely forgotten to-morrow. Whether theirs is a long or a short life, they serve, however, to keep the fires of freedom ablaze in the hearts of the Indian people.

The British officials, living their lives apart from the Indian people in little Englands dotted all over India, fancied at one time that they could crush the spirit of Indian revolt by seizing 'seditious literature' and the printing presses which produced it. They found, however, that coercion upon their part merely served to intensify the desire for liberty. When a press which printed such songs or an independent Indian newspaper was confiscated, another took its place, or perchance a cyclostyle was made to do the work of a printing press. When the authorities decided that the cyclostyle came under the provisions of the Press Act, instead of ceasing publication volunteers came forward to duplicate songs and messages in manuscript form, or to spread the news by word of mouth, and if they were arrested others stepped into their places, so that the gospel of freedom might not be stilled.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

A MARCH NIGHT

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

[*English Review*]

Now wheels the Hunter huge upon the West
And glittering sets, while overhead the wind
Roars with a riot, as though Orion blew
Upon the draggled earth.

The woodlands pant and cry upon the dark,
Throbbing at each mad bluster from above
That violates their nakedness and wrings
Their passionate litanies.

Some wail like women; some a resonant note
Reverberate on night, and at a lull
Hissing they sink to silence and rebound
Against another stroke.

Dark heaves the earth against a clean-blown sky,
And deep in murk of water-meadows dim,
Beneath the shouting forest on the hill,
Move little beads of flame.

Under the spinney's edge a house on wheels
Lifts nigh the hurdles, and by lantern ray
Two ancient men among the eaning ewes
Labor with patient craft.

Whimpering upon the wind there shrills the bleat
Of waking life, and deeper sigh ascends
From new-made mothers, while the veterans
Help lambs into the world.

The starry flocks trail on their way above
Across the vast of heaven; and mother earth
Twinkles below at many a farm and fold,
Where shepherds tend their sheep.

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INTERVIEWING UNAMUNO

FREDERIC LEFEVRE, interview specialist for *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*, has just 'done' Unamuno and ferreted out his opinions on Russia, Thomas Hardy, religion, Primo de Rivera, Anatole France, mysticism, progress, and kindred topics. Americans will miss the usual pronouncements on Prohibition, bobbed hair, the Ku Klux Klan, and jazz music, which were unfortunately not included.

Unamuno does not 'profess a boundless admiration for Anatole France.' He finds him irritable, a professional ironist, and too much of a Voltairian. Strangely enough, this mystical Spaniard prefers 'the great English pessimist, Thomas Hardy,' placing him even higher than Dostoevskii, whose novels he has read in English translations. Unamuno considers *Jude the Obscure* 'one of the world's masterpieces.' He goes on to say: 'There are two portraits of women, that of Arabella and that of Sue, which are really immortal creations. Understand I say nothing of Jude, the hero of the book. He personifies to a marked degree the dramatic attempts of a man of the people to acquire a high form of culture.' The conversation having thus far neglected La Belle France, Monsieur Lefevre showed signs of boredom, and the subject was changed.

Of Primo de Rivera, Mr. Unamuno expresses himself elsewhere in this issue. On this occasion he described him as 'a drunkard, a gambler, a debauchee, who has all the usual vices and a few more besides.' The name of King Alfonso provoked a bitter laugh, followed by the prophecy that he would eventually be forced to abdicate.

Speaking on the fascinating subject of his own personality, Unamuno said: 'I feel that I am a mediæval spirit, and I have an idea that the soul of my country is mediæval, that it has passed through the Renaissance, the Reformation, and the Revolution, learning something from all of them but without having its soul touched, and always preserving the spiritual heritage of those times which we now call bygone.

'My work — or, I should rather say, my mission — is to shatter the faith of freethinkers and official Catholics, and even of a third group, — the faith in affirmations, negations, and abstention, — and supplant it all with faith in faith itself. It is a matter of combating all those who resign themselves, whether to Catholicism, rationalism, or agnosticism. I believe in the doctrine of Pascal, to keep everyone living in an uncertain and dissatisfied state of mind.'

Russia, he said, is the apotheosis of the European spirit which ends in a contradiction of itself. 'Revolution is

MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO

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our tradition,' and if this one does not take permanent shape we shall 'relapse into a dreamless slumber.'

Asked to prophesy, Unamuno drew in his horns. 'We are all disciples of each other, and the only master is the man who can speak in terms of mystery. Each one of us gives his own interpretation of the mystery. Which is right? Perhaps none, perhaps all. The disputes on various interpretations of truth are the cause of progress, and progress builds up the tradition of mystery which itself must always remain more mysterious.'

Unamuno is a mystic with a mission, but it is all a little vague.

✱

COLUMBUS ON THE STAGE

COLUMBUS is the unnamed hero of Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy's new play, *The Admiral*, which has had a series of performances at a little-known theatre in the Bloomsbury district of London. Mr. Kennedy still clings to the symbolism and the deft use of implication which appear in *The Terrible Meek* and *The Servant in the House*, his most famous play. In the latter the leading character represents Christ Himself, but the dramatist has made Him an Indian butler. In *The Terrible Meek* Mr. Kennedy introduced the Virgin Mary as a character, calling her simply 'A Woman.' He made his audiences think — not so furiously as Mr. Shaw does, but just enough to be comfortable. He let them identify his characters for themselves, first taking care that there should be no room for mistakes.

Now he is doing precisely the same thing in *The Admiral*. 'The Sailor'— who is given no name — is fired with a longing to discover a new world and seeks to secure ships and equipment from the Court. 'The Girl' who loves and believes in his mad enthusiasm is a young peasant of twenty. The kindly 'Queen' is somewhat modern for the fifteenth century, being a bit of a feminist with international longings and dark mistrust of the Inquisition.

It is quite evident that the Sailor, whom Mr. Kennedy himself impersonates, is meant to be Columbus and that the Queen, played by Edith Wynne Matthison, is meant for Isabel. The play consists chiefly of a series of philosophical dialogues, and although there is action enough to keep it going published descriptions suggest that it lacks much of the dramatic strength which Mr. Kennedy has in the past achieved — though this is probably intentional. This time philosophy's the thing.

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ROSSO DI SAN SECONDO

NOT content with presenting the Italian theatre with a Pirandello, Sicily has brought forth another eccentric dramatist, Pier Luigi Rosso di San Secondo by name.

This gentleman has lately attracted attention by running afoul of the Genoese censor, who ordered his play, *A Thing of Flesh*, off the boards before any public performance had been given. Until now Rosso has had no trouble from official quarters, although *Travesa*, the leading Italian humorous journal, did allege that a certain newspaper had been suppressed for giving the false information that he had written a play that could be understood.

Rosso di San Secondo has none of Pirandello's intellectual humors; he is more of an emotionalist, but, like Pirandello, he turns his theatre upside down. His best-known play to date is *Marionette che Passione*, in which none of the characters has a name. They are simply the 'Lady with the Blue Fox Fur,' the 'Gentleman in Mourning,' and the 'Gentleman in Gray.' The action

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takes place in the central telegraph office of Milan on a rainy afternoon, when the characters characteristically find that they all have admirable cases against the way the universe is conducted. Convention, however, is too strong for them; the Lady goes back to be beaten by her former lover, the Gentleman in Gray commits suicide, and the mourner is left alone on his mourner's bench.

Lazzerina tra i Coltelli is a somewhat more lively performance. The heroine of this story is a beautiful young dancer who is consistently unfaithful to her jealous husband. Her latest friend is Leone, an unscrupulous and drunken vaudeville knife-thrower whom she mistakenly imagines to be an extremely wealthy bluestocking. Armando, the husband, plies Leone, the knife-thrower, with wine; bids him to carry off Lazzerina, the wife, to a ruined castle where she is to be lashed against the wall while Leone, half-seas over, does his knife-throwing act, seeing how close he can come to the lady without hitting her. Armando comes along to enjoy the performance, calculating that it will dull his wife's affection for the vaudeville artist; but he is mistaken. Leone goes through his motions without a slip. Lazzerina is terrified, and finally the two men leave, returning again within several hours. They come upon the fair Lazzerina in all her fresh beauty and find that she bears no malice but urges Leone to let bygones be bygones. Nothing loath, he turns to the disconsolate husband, leaving him to meditate upon this moral: 'You think to imprison life as I imprisoned Lazzerina among the knives, but it escapes from you and flies, as she has done.'

It is not surprising that managers have found some difficulty in securing adequate performers for these exacting rôles, and the audience too has its troubles in trying to understand the play. The fact that Rosso di San Secondo handles themes of passion brutally, frequently, and without gloves, will probably estrange him for some time from all but the most audacious American showmen.

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THE YEAR OF JUBILEE IN ROME

NOT less than a million pilgrims and visitors to Rome from all parts of the globe are expected at the *Anno Santo* or year of jubilee. The last jubilee saw nearly 70,000 pilgrims cross the Alps, and religious and other authorities are already busy with plans for traffic improvement and accommodations in the Eternal City. The pavement of St. Peter's Square will be thoroughly renovated. Some monuments which obstruct the traffic will be moved, and the Via Appia, which leads to the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, will be widened.

Already new stores are opening in the neighborhood of St. Peter's, where rosaries and other *oggetti religiosi* are for sale, and the old ones are getting a new coat of paint. In several hotels and apartment houses arrangements were being made even in April to reserve rooms for future occupants, and scores of landlords have told their present tenants that they must vacate before October first. The expectation is that after that date the flats and rooms will bring more than double their present rent. As many of the pilgrims stay for only a few days, the house-owners are planning to rent their rooms, in which three or more beds will be placed, for a hundred lire a day.

The Year of Jubilee was instituted in 1300 by Pope Boniface VIII. Dante was then among the throng. Originally the Anno Santo was celebrated each hundred years, then each fifty years, and some time later each twenty-five years. Several years of

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jubilee were skipped for political reasons.

At present there is not much cause for jubilation, and there are those in Vatican circles who have advised postponing the holy year until 1950. The much-hoped-for 'normalization' in Italy is yet far from having been realized, and the Pope has declared that if the least sign of complications or irregularities in the country, or even the possibility of disorder, appears, the year of jubilee will be cancelled. This would cause grievous disappointment to many Roman citizens. But the announcement of the Anno Santo has had a pacifying effect and there is well-founded hope that political calm will prevail.

✠

A MONUMENT TO THE CREATOR OF CZECH MUSIC

WHILE in England and America Antonin Dvořák is looked upon as the chief representative of Czech music, his countrymen cherish with greater fondness the memory of his older companion, Bedřich Smetana, the anniversary of whose birth falls this year. It was he who really created modern Czech music some fifty years ago. He devoted his whole soul to the service of his nation, and his chamber compositions — like the famous quartet, *Z mého života* (The Story of My Life) — represent really exceptions in his work. His proper creative sphere was opera, and he composed both the great romantic and historic opera based on the principles of Wagner, and comic opera of the very highest type, in which he holds his own with Mozart and Auber, differing from them in that those of his operas which were taken out of the life of common people are permeated with national spirit. *The Bartered Bride* is the most popular of these operas both at home and abroad, but there are two others, *The Secret* and *The Kiss*.

Enthusiastic centenary celebrations took place throughout the whole country. A monument was unveiled in Litomyšl, his birthplace, a charming old town in East Bohemia. The correspondent of *Lidové Noviny*, Brno, thus describes this new piece of work by a young but already well-known sculptor from Prague, Jan Štursa: 'You see on a stone pedestal rather an intimate than an imposing bronze figure of the composer, taken at the height of his creative manhood, wearing a look of quiet modesty in keeping with the old-fashioned character of a small Czech town. But let us come nearer: the whole figure with its head turned in the direction of his birthplace is concentrated, listening with an almost creative intensity. You feel the spirit of his country, of her people and history, speaking to the humble genius, who surrenders to this sublime voice, in order to form out of its speech superpersonal and undying values. In his right hand Smetana holds a roll of music on which you find inscribed a motive from his quartet, "The Story of My Life," which deals with the consecration to a high calling.'

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RED TAPE

A RED-TAPE record has been established, according to *Dni*, by the Police Chief of Leipzig. The dramatist Ernst Toller had hardly arrived in Leipzig, after spending five years in his Bavarian prison, when he was unexpectedly arrested by order of that official. In the police court it was explained that his arrest took place under an order that came from Munich in 1919. The Chief of Police in Leipzig knew nothing of the fact that since that time Toller had already served a five-year sentence. The dramatist was immediately released.

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Evolution of Man, by G. Elliot Smith, M.A., M.D: Oxford: The University Press, 1924. 8*s.* 6*d.*

[*Manchester Guardian*]

WHILE the general course of evolution is no longer disputed, and its main outlines have become matter of consent, it is only of recent years that the course of evolution in the development of the human stock as a detailed process has engaged the thought of men. The differentiating features of humanity have been declared from time to time to be some more or less insignificant anatomical structure, and the lure of formal classification has blinded even some of the greatest anthropologists of the past to the fact that the real gap between man and his nearest living kin is one not of anatomy but of intelligence. Calling himself *homo sapiens*, Owen was content to rest his claim to the title on the supposed exclusive possession of a *hippocampus major*, a special convolution of the brain which had already been shown to be common to man, apes, and seals.

Professor Elliot Smith has done valuable service to clear thinking on this subject by republishing a group of lectures which treat in a general way the problem of the history of man's evolution. Following the leading line of the development of intelligence, he fixes the main stages in a way at once intelligible and logical. We have to account for the development first of all of the order of primates, and then to envisage the persistence through the history of this order of a stock which retained in many ways its primitive potentialities of development and adaptation while steadily advancing in the complexity and powers of its brain. Apart from this, man has remained, particularly in his limbs, a singularly generalized type, possessing a corresponding degree of adaptability.

The primate stock, then, sprang from a group of small and apparently insignificant insect-eating mammals rather like the shrews. These made their first great step when they adopted a life in the trees, getting shelter from their enemies and, much more important, substituting sight for smell as their dominant sense. The primary sense of the primate group has remained that of sight, carrying with it greater quickness of movement and alertness of attention. The next stage was to improve on vision by the simultaneous employment of both eyes, so that both eyes looked directly forward, and this stage, not yet accompanied by true stereoscopic vision, is perpetuated in the little East Indian tarsier to this day.

With true stereoscopic sight came the earliest primate, a small animal of the type of a lemur. These sense changes were accompanied by a relatively tremendous change and development of the brain to make possible and to make use of the new powers, and man was fairly launched on his long journey, though still far removed from humanity. At numerous stages groups of his fellows made haste to reap the advantages of their new powers by specialization. Verily they had their reward, but it involved them in comparative stagnation for the future. It seems to have been man's part to refuse all the lesser prizes and to persist as an ever larger-brained weakling, refusing to specialize almost to the end. Forsaking the trees, he at last seized his one great functional specialization, the erect posture, but unlike all others this enabled him to adapt himself to the open country and to a corresponding variety of climate and to spread over the whole surface of the globe. Even at this late date specializations occurred which ended in disaster and supersession, and we know of whole species and even genera of mankind which have disappeared as completely as the mammoth.

Finally, growing right through the family tree like the topmost shoot on a larch, came our present stock, various but of one species, superseding everywhere the early types, with minor specializations which still significantly have remained at a lower level and have been outgrown in the race of intelligence. So the anomaly comes about that the European type is in many ways a very primitive one.

The golden thread of man's growth is thus seen to be the pursuit of intelligence, or, on an organic basis, the evolution of a complex and efficient brain. Professor Elliot Smith wisely avoids the snare of the dialectical question of the precedence of organ or functional need; it is no more profitable than the dispute over the hen and the egg. The growth of man is an historical process, and for the present the urgent need is for its study from this point of view.

The Artist's London. London: John Castle, 1924. 25*s.*

[*English Review*]

THIS book has arisen from the necessity of providing something better as a souvenir of a London visit than the album of photographs which convey the body of London without any of the true spirit. Its compilers have realized that it is the artists, seeing London with individual vision, knowing her characteristic sights and moments, understanding her life as well as

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her appearance, who were most likely to be able to convey her charm. Therefore we have a volume of eighty contemporary pictures by foremost artists, introduced by four essays on the city. John Drinkwater is severely unsentimental about crowds and fogs, and Wilfred Whitten writes about London's links with the past in a way that will inevitably send char-à-bancs loads of ecstatic Americans and Colonials into places like the Borough High Street. If one is a little disappointed about the pictures, it is probably because no anthology can satisfy, and because of a love of London 'this side idolatry.' I suspect too that the reduction in scale has not been sufficiently allowed for in the choice of the pictures, so that one gets an impression often of slightness and the feeling that these cannot be the first-rate works of the first-rate artists whose names they bear. Nevertheless, it is a jolly record of London and London life and types, and is excellently produced.

A George Eliot Dictionary, by Isadore G. Mudge and M. E. Sears. London: Routledge, 1924. 12*s.* 6*d.*

A Dictionary of the Characters and Proper Names in the Works of Shakespeare, by Francis Griffin Stokes. London: Harrap. 21*s.*

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

THESE two books belong to a highly specialized type which is invaluable to a limited class of persons, among whom are to be numbered literary editors. Both are excellent examples of their kind. The *George Eliot Dictionary* includes all the names of persons, fictitious or historical, who play a part in the action of a story, and all place-names, real or fictitious, which 'constitute a definite scene.' Mr. Stokes's dictionary is even more ambitious. It not only includes the names of characters and place-names in Shakespeare, but gives a considerable amount of information about them, and it also includes names like those of Florio and Holinshed, which do not occur in, but have an obvious connection with, Shakespeare's works.

Essays and Adventures of a Labour M. P., by Colonel the Rt. Hon. Josiah C. Wedgwood, D.S.O., M. P. London: Allen and Unwin, 1924. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

COLONEL WEDGWOOD served in the Boer War and on the Western Front, and he landed at Gallipoli from the River Clyde and proceeded up hill afterward until such time as he had to be carried down. Consequently he has seen courage of various inspirations, and is qualified to compare the types and to place one before another. The subject fascinates him — as it obviously would, for without courage there can be no freedom — and he goes into it thoroughly. In the retreat from Antwerp two newly joined officers of the Naval Brigade, Mawby and Grant, were ordered by their superior to march over the frontier and lay down their arms. Mawby refused, as obedience meant being 'of no use' until the end of the war. Grant obeyed; once over the border, he inquired if military discipline was now at an end and was told it was.

'"Then I will not obey your orders," and he, too, went on down the road and many men also followed him. When one has experienced the absolute discipline exercised in the Navy, when one knows the ever-present fear of the new-fledged officer for his regular superior, when one realizes how easy it is for tired men to accept the easy path, I doubt if the whole war presents a more striking example of devotion to England.'

It would be interesting if Colonel Wedgwood, as a connoisseur in these matters, had discriminated between Mawby and Grant. Is Mawby to be put first for the self-reliance of his 'I'll be damned if I do,' or is Grant to be put first for the coolness which in such a moment availed itself of a technical loophole? They were both killed. 'Many men also followed him'; Colonel Wedgwood would not rank followers so high; following is at the root of panic too, as we learn from a chapter on the subject. And so, after being permitted to share Colonel Wedgwood's adventures in Bolshevist Russia, in South Africa during and after the Boer War, in India, in Gallipoli, and in Belgium, we gradually come to see that tiresome person, the rebel, with Colonel Wedgwood's eyes, and to understand why he puts up with his fads.

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NEW TRANSLATIONS

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FINOT, JEAN. *Race Prejudice.* Translated from the French by Florence Wade-Evans. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1924.

RUNG, OTTO. *Shadows That Pass.* London and New York: Appleton, 1924. 6*s.*

VAIHINGER, H. *The Philosophy of 'As If.'* Translated from the German. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1924. Probable price, $7.50.

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THE battle is on.

State Legislatures are fighting over the Child Labor Amendment.

At this writing, the score stands three to one against.

The Republicans are fighting the radicals.

The score will not be in until November.

But in the October number of Scribner's Magazine, Ernest J. Eberling discusses "Child Labor as a National Problem."

And from it you can determine the elements entering into this battle.

* * *

Edwin W. Hullinger had heard rumors of a Red Revolution in America from the Bolsheviki in Russia. They eventually threw him out of that country on the charge of breaking their censorship laws. He then began investigating radical movement in America.

He has talked with Upton Sinclair, and the Judge who sent one hundred I. W. W.'s to prison on a political charge. He has covered the whole range of radical thought among the laborers.

From his "Radicalism in the United States" in the October number of Scribner's Magazine, just published, find out what a radical is and what he believes.

* * *

On the other hand, "The Casual Laborer in Literature" has nothing to do with unions, movements, and such.

It is a pleasant essay by Rebecca N. Porter.

* * *

And "A Far Windy Corner" is not the site of a political oration, but one of those far places of the earth which Gertrude Bone describes and Muirhead Bone illustrates by remarkable etchings.

* * *

Speaking of art, Clarence Rowe catches and reproduces the charm of old Virginia by pencil and pen in his "A Ramble in Virginia," with illustrations.

* * *

"He Could Catch Trout" is the title of a fishing story by Frederick White, master angler.

* * *

"Service" by Valma Clark is the story of two women in love. "The Point of Recoil" by Charlotte Holmes Crawford is like a flash of lightning giving a glimpse into the lives of two people.

* * *

And beyond these special features, the Galsworthy novel, and the causeries of William Lyon Phelps and Royal Cortissoz, in themselves, are enough to place this October number of Scribner's Magazine in the van.

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